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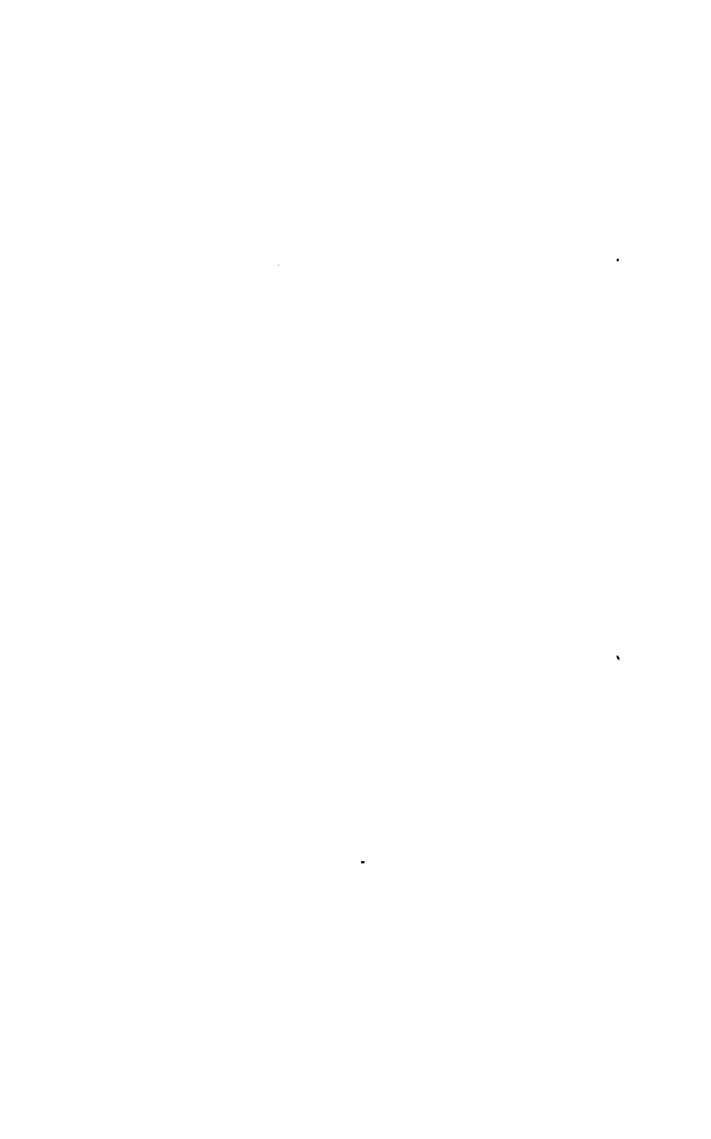


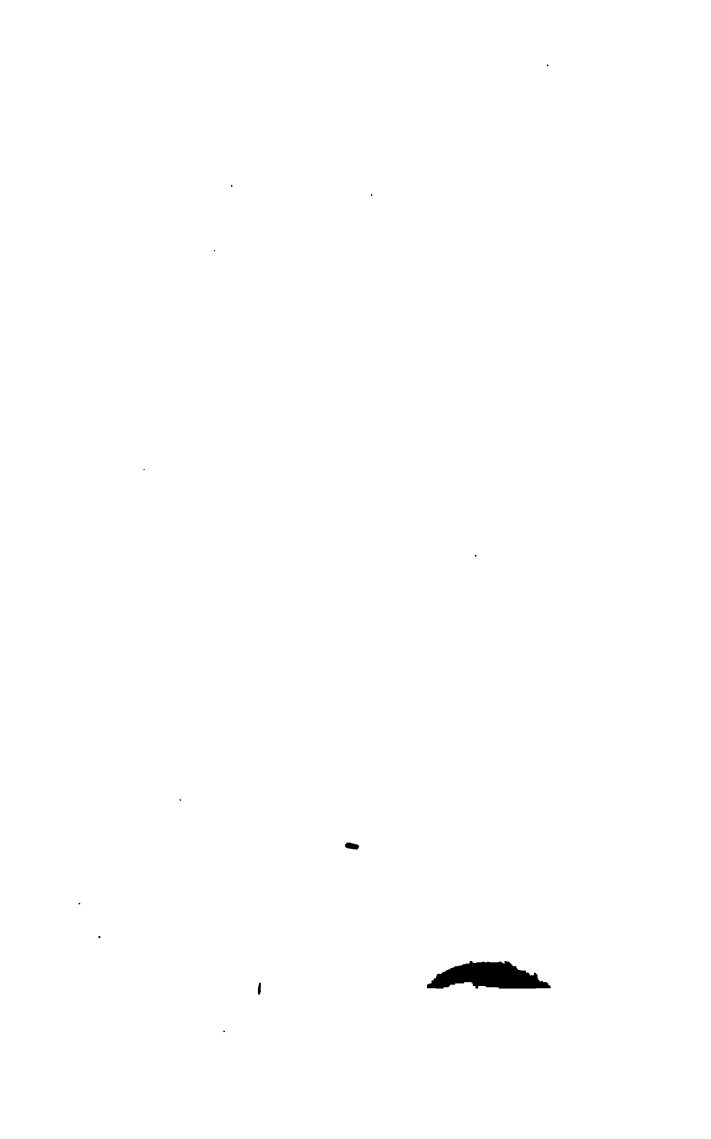
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10





HYMNS,
FOUNDED ON VARIOUS TEXTS
IN THE
HOLY SCRIPTURES.

BY THE LATE
REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D.D.

PUBLISHED FROM THE AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPTS,
BY JOB ORTON.

A NEW EDITION.

I esteem Nepos for his faith and diligence, his comments on Scripture, and many hymns, with which the brethren are delighted.—*Euseb. Eccles. Hist.* lib. vij. cap. 42.

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ROY W. H.
1984
MAR 11

P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following Hymns, well known to the world by many excellent and useful writings, was much solicited by his friends to print them in his lifetime, from a hope they might be serviceable to the interest of religion, by assisting the devotion of Christians in their social and secret worship: and, had God continued his life, till his "Family Expositor on the Epistles" had been published, it is probable he would have complied with their request: but this, and many other pious and benevolent purposes, were broken off by his much-lamented death. During the last hour I spent with him, a few weeks before that mournful event, he honoured me with some particular directions about transcribing and publishing them. I have, at length, through the good hand of my God upon me, finished them; and present them to the world with a cheerful hope, that they will promote and diffuse a spirit of devotion; and, together with other assistances, human and divine, prepare many to join with the devout Author in the nobler and everlasting anthems of heaven.

These Hymns being composed to be sung, after the Author had been preaching on the texts prefixed to them, it was his design, that they should bring over again the leading thoughts in the sermon; and naturally express, and warmly enforce, those devout sentiments, which, he hoped, were then rising in the minds of his hearers, and help to fix them on the memory and heart: accordingly, the attentive reader will observe, that most of them illustrate such sentiments as a skilful preacher would principally insist upon, when discoursing from the texts on which they are founded. There is a great variety in the form of them: some are devout paraphrases on the texts; others expressive of lively acts of devotion, faith, and trust in God, love to CHRIST, desire of divine influences, and good resolutions of cultivating the temper, and practising the duties recommended; others proclaim an humble joy and triumph in the gracious promises and encouragements of

Scripture, particularly in the discovery and prospect of eternal life. The nature of the subjects will easily account for the difference of composure, why some are more plain and artless, others more lively, sublime, and full of poetic fire. If any of them should, at first reading, appear flat or obscure, it may well be supposed they would affect the mind in a stronger manner, when used in a religious assembly, after sermons, upon the texts in which the context hath been considered (if that were necessary), parallel places compared, the design of the inspired writer judiciously opened, and the beauty, propriety, and emphasis of the several clauses of the text illustrated: they, therefore, who use them in their devout retirements, should first read and consider the texts and contexts; and if they would consult some Expositor upon them, particularly the Author's on the subjects taken from the New Testament, they will see a spirit and elegance in these composures, which may be otherwise overlooked, and be more likely to reap real and lasting advantage by them.

In this collection, there are many hymns formed upon passages in the Old Testament, particularly in the prophets, directly relating to the case of the Israelites, or some particular good man among them, which the Author hath accommodated to the circumstances of Christians, where he thought there was a just and natural resemblance; and he apprehended, that the practice of the inspired writers of the New Testament warranted such accommodations.* He experienced this to be a very acceptable and useful method of preaching on the Old Testament, and accordingly recommended it to his pupils, as what would afford them an opportunity of explaining the design of the prophecies, displaying the wisdom, faithfulness, and grace of GOD, and suggesting many striking and important instructions: this method would, at the same time, occasion an agreeable variety in their discourses, prevent their confining themselves to general or common-place subjects, or (in order to avoid a frequent repetition of well known arguments) running into dry and abstruse speculations, which the capacities of the generality of their hearers could not comprehend, nor their hearts relish and feel; a fashion, in preaching, too prevalent, and, considering its apparent unprofitableness, much to be lamented.

* Compare Heb. xlii. 5, 6. and Family Expositor in loc. note (e) There are also some good remarks on this subject, in Dr. Watts *Holliness of Times, Places, &c.* dis. v. especially prop. 15.

Those young ministers who are desirous of entering into the spirit and copiousness of Scripture, may find this work greatly useful to them, by directing them to many very suitable texts, and to some natural thoughts, and useful reflections, to be insisted upon in discoursing from them.

There are several hymns, in this collection, suited to special and extraordinary occasions, for which there was not before a sufficient provision : such as, for opening a new place of worship, the vacancy and settlement of churches, the ordination of ministers, their removal from our world, &c. especially for days of fasting and humiliation, on account of actual or apprehended calamities : the want of which, during the late rebellion and war, was much regretted by many ministers and private Christians.

In these composesures, I hope few low or trivial expressions will be found : nothing appears unsuitable to the gravity and dignity of a worshipping assembly : nothing likely to darken or damp the devotion of the humble Christian, or excite passions merely sensual. There is nothing that savours of a party spirit, or carries an appearance of designing to confine their use to any of the sects into which Christians are unhappily divided. The materials are divine ; and the Author's soul was never more enlarged, than when he was promoting a spirit of piety and candour in their just connexion.

I chose to place these hymns in the order in which the several texts lie in the Bible, as that prevents the necessity of another index, and there appeared no particular reason for disposing them in any different order. In a few places, where words occur not sufficiently intelligible to common readers, I have added some more plain and familiar ones in the margin, that they may be read and sung with understanding ; preferring this method to that of some authors, who have collected and explained them in a particular index.

As these hymns were composed during a series of many years, amidst an uncommon variety and daily succession of most important labours, by a man who had no ear for music, and as they want his retouching hand, the reader will be candid to what inaccuracies he may discover ; particularly the repetition of the same thoughts and phrases, which, in a few instances, will be found : and indeed, some of them could scarcely be avoided, on subjects so nearly resembling, without the exclusion of most suitable and affecting sentiments or aspirations

which the introduction of a new or more poetic thought and phrase would not have been an equivalent. There may, perhaps, be some improprieties, owing to my not being able to read the Author's manuscript in particular places, and being obliged, without a poetic genius, to supply those deficiencies, whereby the beauty of the stanzas may be greatly defaced, though the sense is preserved.

These hymns being originally designed for the use of a congregation of plain, unlearned Christians, it cannot be expected that they should entertain those who may peruse them merely for the sake of the poetry: yet, I think many of them will stand the test of a critical examination, and appear at least equal to other compositions of the like kind; and, I am persuaded, they will all be delightful and beneficial to those, who desire to have their devotion enlivened, their souls filled with divine love, and who are ambitious to live up to the rules of the gospel; and, that they will, through the influence of the Holy Ghost, spread a spirit of fervent piety in such congregations where they may be introduced.

I have nothing to add, but my earnest wishes and prayers that they may be subservient to the glory of God, the more delightful celebration of divine ordinances, and the edification of my fellow Christians. Amen.

JOB ORTON.

HYMNS,

FOUNDED ON VARIOUS TEXTS

IN THE

OLD TESTAMENT.

1

Enoch's piety and translation.

Gen. v. 24. Heb. xi. 5.

1 **E**TERNAL God, our wondering souls
Admire thy matchless grace ;
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell,
With Adam's worthless race.

2 O lead me to that happy path,
Where I my God may meet ;
Though hosts of foes begird it round,
Though briars wound my feet.

3 Cheered with thy converse I can trace
The desert with delight :
Through all the gloom, one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.

4 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam :
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Shall soon convey me home.

5 I ask not Enoch's rapturous flight
 To realms of heavenly day ;
 Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds
 To bear his flesh away.

6 Joyful my spirit will consent
 To drop its mortal load ;
 And hail* the sharpest pang's of death
 That break its way to God.

2 *God's gracious approbation of a religious
 of our families. Gen. xviii. 19.*

1 **F**ATHER of men, thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our families with peace
 From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
 Their root and branches are sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
 Be our domestic altars raised ;
 Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
 With saints, in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee, may each united house,
 Morning and night, present its vows ;
 Our servants there, and rising race,
 Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
 The honours of thy glorious name ;
 While pleased, and thankful, we remove
 To join the family above.

3 *Abraham's intercession for Sodom.*
 Gen. xviii. 32.

FOR A FAST DAY.

1 **G**REAT God, did pious Abram pray
 For Sodom's vile abandoned race ?
 And shall not all our souls be roused
 For Britain, to implore thy grace ?

* Salute, or welcome.

- 2 Base as we are, does not thine eye
 Its chosen thousands here survey ;
 Whose souls, deep humbled, mourn the crowds
 Who walk in sin's destructive way ?
- 3 O ! Judge supreme, let not thy sword
 The righteous with the wicked smite :
 Nor bury in promiscuous heaps,
 Rebels, and saints thy chief delight.
- 4 For these, thy children, spare the land ;
 Avert the thunders big with death ;
 Nor let the seeds of latent* fire
 Be kindled by thy flaming breath.
- 5 O ! be not angry, mighty God,
 While dust and ashes seek thy face ;
 But gently bending from thy throne,
 Renew, and still increase the grace.
- 6 Jesus the intercessor hear,
 And for his sake thy grace impart,
 Which, while it stops the fiery stream,
 Dissolves the most obdurate heart.
- 7 Sodom shall change to Zion then,
 And heavenly dews be scattered round,
 That plants of Paradise may spring,
 Where baleful† poisons cursed the ground.

4

Jacob's vow.

Gen. xxviii. 20—22.

- 1 O GOD of Jacob, by whose hand
 Thine Israel still is fed,
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led.

* Hidden, secret.

† Destructive.

- 2 To thee our humble vows we raise,
 To thee address our prayer,
 And in thy kind and faithful breast
 Deposit all our care.
- 3 If thou, through each perplexing path,
 Wilt be our constant guide ;
 If thou wilt daily bread supply,
 And raiment wilt provide ;
- 4 If thou wilt spread thy shield around,
 Till these our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode,
 Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 To thee, as to our covenant God,
 We'll our whole selves resign ;
 And count, that not our tenth alone,
 But all we have is thine.

5 *The hand of the Lord upon the cattle.*
 Exodus ix. 3.

- 1 **T**HE creatures, Lord, confess thy hand,
 Thro' earth and sky, thro' sea and land,
 And all their meanest orders share
 Their Maker's pity, and his care.
- 2 O look from thine exalted throne,
 And hear our panting cattle moan ;
 Prone* o'er the untasted food they lie,
 Groan out their agonies, and die.
- 3 What have these harmless creatures done
 To draw this sore chastisement down ?
 'Tis human guilt for vengeance calls,
 And heavy on the herds it falls.
- 4 From them to us the stroke might pass,
 And mow down thousands of our race ;
 Till desolation reigned around,
 Our cities void, untilled our ground.

* Stretched out upon the ground.

- 5 Prevent the ruin by thy grace,
And melt our hearts to seek thy face :
Blest fruit of thy correcting rod,
To lose our beasts, and find our God.

6

Israel and Amalek.

Exodus xvii. 11.

FOR A FAST DAY.

- 1 **O**UR banner is the eternal God,
Nor will we yield to fear :
Amidst ten thousand fierce assaults,
His mighty aid is near.
- 2 To him the hands of faith we stretch,
And plead experienced grace ;
To him the voice of prayer we raise,
Nor will he hide his face.
- 3 No more, proud Amalek, thy boast,
" God's arm is feeble grown ;"
His sword shall lop off every hand,
That dares insult his throne.
- 4 Awake, tremendous Judge, awake,
Our nation's cause to plead ;
Nor let thine Israel's foes, and thine,
By wickedness succeed.
- 5 Our fainting hands, how soon they droop !
But thou the weak canst raise ;
And in the mount of prayer canst leave
An altar to thy praise.
- 7 *Against following a multitude to do evil.*
Exodus xxiii. 2.
- 1 **L**ORD, when iniquities abound,
And growing crimes appear ;
We view the deluge rising round,
With sorrow, and with fear.

- 2 Yet, when its waves most fiercely beat,
 And spread destruction wide,
 Thy spirit can a standard raise
 To stem* the roaring tide.
- 3 May thy triumphant arm awake
 Thy sacred cause to plead ;
 And let the multitude confess,
 That thou art God indeed.
- 4 Their hearts shall in a moment turn,
 Like water, by thy hand ;
 One word shall bow their stubborn neck
 To own thy high command.
- 5 Our feeble souls at least support,
 And there thy power display ;
 Then multitudes shall strive in vain
 To draw us from thy way.

8 *Christ's intercession typified by Aaron's
 plate. Exodus xxviii. 29.*

- 1 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey
 Our great High Priest above ;
 And celebrate his constant care,
 And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
 Where angels bow around,
 And high o'er all the shining train,
 With matchless honours crowned :
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears
 Deep graven on his heart ;
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
 That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
 Our everlasting trust,
 When gems, and monuments, and crow
 Are mouldered down to dust.

* Restrain.

So, gracious Saviour, on my breast,
 May thy dear name be worn,
 A sacred ornament and guard,
 To endless ages borne.

Who is on the Lord's side ?

Exodus xxxiii. 26.

WHAT bosom moved with pious zeal,
 Doth for its God dishonour feel ?
 What heart with generous ardour glows
 To plead his cause against his foes ?

Great God, what bosom can be cold ?
 What coward must not here grow bold ?
 While honour, interest, truth, and love,
 Concur our inmost souls to move ?

Around thy standard, Lord, we press,
 Thine injured honour to redress,
 And with determined voice demand
 The signal of thy conquering hand.

Thou shalt these sacred weapons bless,
 And lead through war to endless peace ;
 Nor death itself our souls shall dread,
 For thy own arm shall raise the dead.

God's presence desirable.

Exodus xxxiii. 15.

1 **I**MMENSE, eternal God !
 How marvellous thy name !
 Thy presence all abroad
 Pervades* all nature's frame ;
 Heaven, earth, and air,
 And the dark cell,
 Where devils dwell
 In long despair.

* Penetrates through, or fills.

- 2 Yet thou hast chosen ways
To make thy presence known,
To favourites of thy grace,
To upright souls alone :
 This glory, Lord,
 My soul would see ;
 This grace to me,
 My God, afford.
- 3 If thou thy lustre veil,
The charms of nature fade ;
All withered, weak, and pale,
They bow their languid head ;
 My Father, shine ;
 For thou canst give
 The dead to live
 By beams divine.
- 4 Even Eden's blissful lands
Would in thy absence mourn
But thou wild Afric's* sands
To Paradise canst turn.
 If God be there,
 The gloom is bright ;
 But noon is night
 Till thou appear.
- 5 Come, for my spirit glows
With infinite desire !
Strong love impatient grows,
And sets my heart on fire.
 My Father, come ;
 That presence give
 On which I live ;
 Or call me home.

* *Africa, a part of the earth remarkable
barren deserts.*

I *Moses's view of the divine glory.*
Exodus xxxiii. 18.

WITH humble pleasure, Lord, we trace
The ancient records of thy grace,
And our own consolation draw,
From what thy servant Moses saw.

May we behold thy glories shine
With gentle beams of love divine ;
And hear thy secret voice proclaim
The various wonders of thy name.

If feeble nature faint t' endure
A voice so sweet, a ray so pure ;
Its dissolution would delight,
While death would wear a form so bright.

Death shall unveil that world above,
Where the dear children of thy love,
Attemper'd* all to heavenly day,
Bear and reflect the immediate ray.

2 *The proclamation of God's name to Moses :
or divine mercy and justice. Exod. xxxiv. 6—8.*

ATTE^ND, my soul, the voice divine,
And mark what beaming glories shine
Around thy condescending God !
To us, to us, he still proclaims
His awful, his endearing names ;
Attend, and sound them all abroad.

“ Jehovah I, the sovereign Lord,
The mighty God, by heaven adored,
Down to the earth my footsteps bend,
My heart the tenderest pity knows,
Goodness, full streaming, wide o'erflows,
And grace and truth shall never end.

* Fitted and enabled to bear.

- 3 " My patience long can crimes endure :
 My pardoning love is ever sure,
 When penitential sorrow mourns ;
 To millions, through unnumbered years,
 New hope and new delight it bears ;
 Yet wrath against the sinner burns."
- 4 Make haste, my soul, the vision meet,
 Fall prostrate at thy Sovereign's feet,
 And drink the tuneful accents in ;
 Speak on, my Lord, repeat the voice,
 Diffuse these heart-expanding joys,
 Till heaven complete the rapturous scene

13 *The God of spirits sought to supply vacancies in the congregations of his people.*
 Num. xxvii. 15—17.

- 1 **F**ATHER of spirits, from thy hand
 Our souls immortal came ;
 And still thine energy* divine
 Supports the ethereal† flame.
- 2 By thee our spirits all are known ;
 And each remotest thought
 Lies wide expanded to his eye,
 By whom their powers were wrought.
- 3 To thee, when mortal comforts fail,
 Thy flock deserted flies ;
 And, on the eternal Shepherd's care,
 Our cheerful hope relies.
- 4 When o'er thy faithful servants' dust
 Thy dear assemblies mourn,
 In speedy tokens of thy grace,
 O Israel's God, return.

* Power.

† Heavenly.

DEUTERONOMY.

- 5 The powers of nature all are thine,
And thine the aids of grace ;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up
Through every rising race.
- 6 Exert thy sacred influence here,
And here thy suppliants bless ;
And change, to strains of cheerful praise,
Their accents of distress.
- 7 With faithful heart, with skilful hand,
May this thy flock be fed ;
And with a steady, growing pace,
To Zion's mount be led.

14 *The Lord's people his portion.*
Deut. xxxii. 9.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of nature, all is thine,
The air, the earth, the sea :
By thee the orbs celestial* shine,
And cherubs live by thee.
- 2 Rich in thy own essential store,
Thou call'st forth worlds at will :
Ten thousand, and ten thousand more,
Would hear thy summons still.
- 3 What treasure wilt thou then confess,
And thy own portion call ?
What by peculiar right possess,
Imperial Lord of all ?
- 4 Thine Israel thou wilt stoop to claim,
Wilt mark them out for thine ;
Ten thousand praises to thy name
For goodness so divine !
- 5 That I am thine, my soul would boast,
And boast its claim to thee ;
Nor shall God's property be lost,
Nor God be torn from me.

* The heavenly bodies.

15 *The eternal God his people's refuge
support. Deut. xxxiii. 27.*

1 **B**EHOLD, the great eternal God
Spreads everlasting arms abroad,
And calls our souls to shelter there;
Wonders of mingled power and grace
To all his Israel he displays,
Guarded from danger and from fear.

2 Thither my feeble soul shall fly,
When terrors press, and death is nigh,
And there will I delight to dwell:
On that high tower I rear my head,
Serene, nor knows my heart to dread,
Amidst surrounding hosts of hell.

3 The shadow of the Almighty's wings,
Composure unmolested brings,
While threatening horrors round me
In vain the storms of rattling hail
The walls of this retreat assail,
And the wild tempest roars aloud.

4 In louder strains, my fearless tongue,
Shall warble its victorious song,
My Father's graces to proclaim;
He bears his infant offspring on
To glory radiant as his throne,
And joys eternal as his name.

16 *The happiness of God's Israel.
Deut. xxxiii. 29.*

1 **O** ISRAEL, blest beyond compare!
Unrivalled all thy glories are;
Jehovah deigns* to fill thy throne,
And calls thine interest all his own.

* *Condescends.*

He is thy Saviour, he thy Lord,
His shield is thine, and thine his sword :
Review, in ecstasy of thought,
The grand redemption he has wrought.

From Satan's yoke he sets thee free,
Opens thy passage through the sea ;
He through the desert is thy guide,
And heaven for Canaan will provide.

Not Jacob's sons of old could boast
Such favours to their chosen host ;
Their glories which through ages shine,
Are but dim shades and types of thine.

Celestial Spirit, teach our tongue
Sublimier strains than Moses sung,
Proportioned to the sweeter name
Of God the Saviour and the Lamb.

7 *Support in the gracious presence of God,
under the loss of ministers, and other useful friends.*
Joshua i. 2. 4, 5.

NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry ;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh ?

What, though the arm of conquering death
Doth God's own house invade ?

What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead ?

Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,

The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue ;

Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comforts to impart,

His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

- 5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
 "My church shall safe abide;
 For I will ne'er forsake my own,
 Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,
 This promise is our trust;
 And this shall be our children's song,
 When we are cold in dust.

18

God insensibly withdrawn.

Judges xvi. 20.

- 1 **A** PRESENT God is all our strength,
 And all our joy and hope;
 When he withdraws, our comforts die,
 And every grace must droop.
- 2 But flattering trifles charm our hearts
 To court their false embrace,
 Till justly this neglected friend,
 Averts his angry face.
- 3 He leaves us, and we miss him not,
 But go presumptuous on;
 Till baffled, wounded, and enslaved,
 We learn that God is gone.
- 4 And what, my soul, can then remain,
 One ray of light to give?
 Severed from him, their better life,
 How can his children live?
- 5 Hence, all ye painted forms of joy,
 And leave my heart to mourn;
 I would devote these eyes to tears,
 Till cheered by his return.
- 6 Look back, my Lord, and own the place
 Where once thy temple stood;
 For lo! its ruins bear the mark
 Of rich atoning blood.

9 *Ebenezer; or, God's helping hand reviewed
and acknowledged.* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

MY helper, God! I bless his name :
'The same his power, his grace the same,
The tokens of his friendly care,
Open, and crown, and close the year.

I, midst ten thousand dangers, stand,
Supported by his guardian hand ;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

'Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
'Thus far I make his mercy known ;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more :
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

10 *The saint encouraging himself in the Lord
his God.* 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

1 **J**EHOVAH, 'tis a glorious name,
Still pregnant with delight ;
It scatters round a cheerful beam,
To gild the darkest night.

2 What though our mortal comforts fade,
And droop like withering flowers ;
Nor time, nor death, can break that band,
Which makes Jehovah ours.

3 My cares, I give you to the wind,
And shake you off like dust ;
Well may I trust my all with him,
With whom my soul I trust.

21 *Support in God's covenant under domestic troubles. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure ;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 What though my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire ;
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become ;
Jesus my guardian, and my friend ;
And heaven my final home :
- 4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And, when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eye-lids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

22 *Support in God's covenant in the near view of death. 2 Sam. xxiii. 1 and 5 compared.*

- 1 **'T**IS mine, the covenant of his grace,
And every promise mine !
All sprung from everlasting love,
And sealed by blood divine.
- 2 On my unworthy, favoured head,
Its blessings all unite ;
Blessings more numerous than the stars,
More lasting and more bright.

- 3 Death, thou mayest tear this rag of flesh,
And sink my fainting head,
And lay my ruins in the grave,
Among my kindred dead :
- 4 But death and hell in vain shall strive
To break that sacred rest,
Which God's expiring children feel,
While leaning on his breast.
- 5 The enlarged soul thou canst not reach,
Nor rend from Christ away ;
'Tho' o'er my mouldering dust thou boast,
The triumphs of a day.
- 6 The night is past, my morning dawns ;
My covenant God descends,
And wakes that dust to join my soul
In bliss that never ends.
- 7 That covenant the last accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue ;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song.
- 3 *Rejoicing in our covenant engagements to
God. 2 Chron. xv. 15.*

O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him, who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems* fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine† I move.

'Tis done ; the great transaction's done :
I am my Lord's, and he is mine :
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

* *Hymns of praise.* † *Altar, or place of worship.*

- 4 Now rest my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest ;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast ?
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

24 *God stirring up the spirit of Cyrus to redeem Israel. Ezra i. 1, compared with Isa. xlv. 1. 4.*

- 1 **T**HE eternal God ! his name how great !
How deep his counsels ! how complete !
'The hearts of kings his power can sway ;
His word unconscious* they obey.
- 2 Summoned of old, in distant days,
To serve his schemes, and show his praise,
Cyrus, illustrious prince, appears,
His people frees, his temple rears.
- 3 Through legions armed he breaks his way,
And tramples generals down like clay ;
The bars of steel he cuts in twain,
And brazen gates oppose in vain.
- 4 But to Jehovah's accents mild,
The hero pliant as a child,
Lays the new cares of empire by,
Till Zion rise and shine on high.
- 5 Thus, mighty God, shall every heart,
(If thou thine influence there exert),
'Throw its own fondest schemes aside,
And follow where thy hand shall guide.
- 6 The foremost sons of fame shall boast
To raise thy temples from their dust ;
Princes shall shout thy name aloud,
And new-born priests thine altars crowd.

* Without intending it. Isa. x. 7.

25 *A glance from God bringing us down to the solitude of the grave. Job vii. 8.*

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of life, before thine eye,
Lo, mortal men by thousands die!
One glance from thee at once brings down
The proudest brow that wears a crown.
- 2 Banished at once from human sight
To the dark grave's unchanging night,
Imprisoned in that dusty bed,
We hide our solitary head.
- 3 The friendly band* no more shall greet
Accents familiar once, and sweet:
No more the well-known features trace;
No more renew the fond embrace.
- 4 Yet if my Father's faithful hand
Conduct me through this gloomy land,
My soul with pleasure shall obey,
And follow, where he leads the way.
- 5 He nobler friends than here I leave,
In brighter surer worlds can give;
Or by the beamings of his eye
A lost creation well supply.

26 *The impossibility of prospering, while men harden themselves against God. Job ix. 4.*

- 1 **T**HE great Jehovah! who shall dare
With him to tempt unequal war?
What heart of steel shall dare t' oppose,
And league among his hardened foes.
- 2 At his command the lightnings dart,
And swift transfix † the rebel heart;
Earth trembles at his look, and cleaves,
And legions sink in living graves.

* *Company.*

† *Pierce through.*

- 3 Where are the haughty monarchs now,
Who scorned his word with lowering brow
Where are the trophies of their reigns ?
Or, where the ruin's last remains ?
- 4 See Pharaoh sinking in the tide !
See Babel's tyrant, mad with pride,
Graze with the beasts ! Hear Herod roar,
While worms his deity devour !
- 5 See, from the turrets of the skies,
Tall cherubs sink, no more to rise ;
And trace their rank on thrones of light,
By heavier chains, and darker night !
- 6 Great God ! and shall this soul of mine
Presume to challenge wrath divine ?
Trembling I seek thy mercy-seat,
And lay my weapons at thy feet.

27

The great journey.
Job xvi. 22.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead !
Nor will the fleeting moments stay ;
Nor can we measure back our way.
- 2 Our kindred and our friends are gone ;
Know, O my soul, this doom thy own :
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,
The same my way, my house the same.
- 3 From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night ;
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must I to God's tribunal pass.
- 4 Important journey ! awful view !
How great the change ! the scenes how r
The golden gates of heaven displayed,
Or hell's fierce flames, and gloomy shade

5 Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
 And lose in this each mortal care ;
 With steady feet that path be trod,
 Which through the grave conducts to God.

6 Jesus, to thee my all I trust ;
 And, if thou call me down to dust,
 I know thy voice, I bless thy hand,
 And die in smiles at thy command.

7 What was my terror, is my joy ;
 These views my brightest hopes employ,
 To go, ere many years are o'er,
 Secure I shall return no more.

28 *The penitent brought back from the pit.*
 Job xxxiii. 27, 28.

1 **T**HE Lord, from his exalted throne,
 In majesty arrayed,
 Looks with a melting pity down
 On all that seek his aid.

2 When touched with penitent remorse,
 Our follies past we mourn,
 With what a tenderness of love
 He meets our first return !

3 From heaven he sent his only Son
 To ransom us with blood,
 To snatch us from the burning pit,
 When on its brink we stood.

4 From death and hell he leads us up
 By a delightful way ;
 And the bright beams of endless life,
 Doth round our path display.

5 Great God, we wonder and adore ;
 And; to exalt such grace,
 We long to learn the songs of heaven,
 Ere yet we reach the place.

29

Communing with our hearts.

Psalm iv. 4.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,
 And chase these shadowy forms no more
 Seek out some solitude to mourn,
 And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home ;
 Retired and silent, seek them there :
 True conquest is ourselves t' o'ercome,
 True strength to break the tempter's snare.
- 3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
 Distinct surveys each deep recess,
 In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
 And with thy presence fill the place.
- 4 Through all the mazes* of my heart,
 My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
 And still its radiant beams impart,
 Till all be searched and purified.
- 5 Then, with the visits of thy love,
 Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
 Till every grace shall join to prove
 That God hath fixed his dwelling there,

30 *God's name the encouragement of our faith*

Psalm ix. 10.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
 His various and his saving names ;
 O may they not be heard alone,
 But by our sure experience known !
- 2 Let great Jehovah be adored,
 The eternal, all-sufficient Lord !
 He through the world most high confessed,
 By whom 'twas formed, and is possessed.

* Windings, perplexities.

- 3 **Awake, our noblest powers, to bless**
The God of Abram, God of peace ;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 4 **Through every age his gracious ear**
Is open to his servants' prayer ;
Nor can one humble soul complain,
That it hath sought its God in vain.
- 5 **What unbelieving heart shall dare**
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name ?
The same his power, his love the same !
- 6 **To thee our souls in faith arise,**
To thee we lift expecting eyes ;
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

31 *Triumph in God's protection.*
 Psalm xviii. 2.

- 1 **L**EGIONS of foes beset me round,
While marching o'er this dangerous ground ;
Yet in Jehovah's aid I trust,
And in his power superior boast.
- 2 **My buckler he ; his shield is spread**
To cover this defenceless head :
Now let the fiercest foes assail,
Their darts I count as rattling hail.
- 3 **He is my rock, and he my tower ;**
The base* how firm ! the walls how sure !
The battlements how high they rise !
And hide their summits † in the skies.
- 4 **Deliverances to God belong ;**
He is my strength, and he my song ;
The horn of my salvation he,
And all my foes dispersed shall flee.

* *Foundation.*

† *Tops.*

- 5 Through the long march my lips shall sing
 My great Protector and my King ;
 Till Zion's mount my feet ascend,
 And all my painful warfare end.
- 6 Raised on the shining turrets there,
 Through all the prospect wide and fair,
 A land of peace his hosts survey,
 And bless the grace that led the way.

32

Support in death.

Psalm xxiii. 4.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the gloomy vale,
 Which thou, my soul, must tread,
 Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
 That leads thee to the dead.
- 2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu,*
 Which I so long have known ;
 My friends, a long farewell to you,
 For I must pass alone.
- 3 And thou, beloved clay,
 Long partner of my cares,
 In this rough path art torn away
 With agony and tears.
- 4 But see, a ray of light,
 With splendours all divine,
 Breaks through these doleful realms of night,
 And makes its horrors shine.
- 5 Where death and darkness reigns,
 Jehovah is my stay :
 His rod my trembling feet sustains ;
 His staff defends my way.
- 6 Dear Shepherd, lead me on ;
 My soul disdains to fear ;
 Death's gloomy phantom's all are flown,
 Now life's great Lord is near.

* Farewell.

33 *The good man's prospect for time and eternity. Psalm xxiii. 6.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad ;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.
- 2 **T**hrough all the winding* maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide ;
And in that long-experienced care,
My heart shall still confide.
- 3 **H**is grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream ;
That grace on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.†
- 4 **B**eyond the choicest joys of earth
These distant courts I love ;
But O ! I burn with strong desire
To view thy house above.
- 5 **M**ingled with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore ;
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

34 *The goodness which God has wrought and laid up for his people. Psalm xxxi. 1. 9.*

- 1 **O**UR souls with pleasing wonder view
The bounties of thy grace,
How much bestowed, how much reserved,
For them that seek thy face !
- 2 **T**hy liberal hand, with worldly bliss,
Oft makes their cup run o'er ;
And in the covenant of thy love
They find diviner store.

* *Wilderness.*

† *Subject.*

- 3 Here mercy hides their numerous sins ;
 Here grace their soul renews ;
 Here thy own reconciled face
 Doth heavenly beams diffuse.
- 4 But O ! what treasures yet unknown
 Are lodged in worlds to come !
 If these the enjoyments of the way,
 How happy is their home !
- 5 And what shall mortal worms reply ?
 Or how such goodness own ?
 But 'tis our joy that, Lord, to thee,
 Thy servants' hearts are known.
- 6 Thine eyes shall read those grateful thoughts
 No language can express ;
 Yet, when our liveliest thanks we pay,
 Our debts do most increase.
- 7 Since time's too short, all-gracious God,
 To utter half thy praise ;
 Loud to the honour of thy name,
 Eternal hymns we'll raise.

35

Relishing the divine goodness.

Psalm xxxiv. 8, 9.

- 1 **T**RUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reig
 Through all the wide celestial plains ;
 And its full streams redundant flow
 Down to the abodes of men below.
- 2 Through nature's works its glories shine ;
 The cares of providence are thine :
 And grace erects our ruined frame
 A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 O give to every human heart,
 To taste and feel how good thou art ;
 With grateful love, and reverend fear,
 To know how blest thy children are.

Let nature burst into a song :
 Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong :
 Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
 All vocal* with your Maker's praise.
 Ye saints, with joy the theme pursue ;
 Its sweetest notes belong to you ;
 Chosen by this condescending King,
 For ever round his throne to sing.

6 *God saying to the soul that he is its
 salvation. Psalm xxxv. 3.*

1 **S**ALVATION ! O melodious sound
 To wretched, dying men !
 Salvation, that from God proceeds,
 And leads to God again !

2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
 From fiends,† and fires, and chains :
 Raised to a paradise of bliss,
 Where love and glory reigns !

3 But O ! may a degenerate soul,
 Sinful and weak as mine,
 Presume to raise a trembling eye
 To blessings so divine ?

4 The lustre of so bright a bliss,
 My feeble heart o'erbears ;
 And unbelief almost perverts
 The promise into tears.

5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
 These dying hopes can raise :
 Speak thy salvation to my soul,
 And turn its tears to praise.

6 My Saviour God, this broken voice
 Transported shall proclaim,
 And call on all the angelic harps
 To sound so sweet a name.

inding, as if endowed with speech.

† Evil spirits.

37 *God's complacency in the prosperity of servants. Psalm xxxv. 27.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord with pleasure views his saints,
 And calls them all his own ;
 And low he bows to their complaints,
 And pities every groan.
- 2 In all the joys they here possess,
 He takes a tender part ;
 And, when they rise to heavenly bliss,
 Complacency fills his heart.
- 3 My God, are all my pleasures thine,
 My comforts thy delight ?
 O be thy happiness divine
 Most precious in my sight.
- 4 They most in all thy bliss shall share,
 Whose hearts can love thee most ;
 O could I vie* in ardour here
 With all the angelic host.

38 *The days of the upright known to God, and their everlasting inheritance. Psalm xxxvii. 18*

- 1 **T**O thee, my God, my days are known,
 My soul enjoys the thought ;
 My actions all before thy face,
 Nor are my faults forgot.
- 2 Each secret breath devotion vents
 Is vocal to thine ear ;
 And all my walks of daily life
 Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
 Thy mercy shall approve ;
 And every pang of sympathy,
 And every care of love.

* Endeavour to equal.

- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light,
Is guided by thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die ;
And when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.
- 6 Stripped of its little earthly all,
My soul in smiles shall go ;
And in an heavenly heritage
Its Father's bounty know.

39 *Our desire and groaning before God, when
proceeding from the greatest distress.*
Psalm xxxviii. 9, 10.

- 1 **M**Y soul, the awful hour will come,
Apace it passeth on,
To bear this body to the tomb ;
And thee to scenes unknown.
- 2 My heart, long labouring with its woes,
Shall pant and sink away ;
And you, my eyelids, soon shall close
On the last glimmering ray.
- 3 Whence in that hour shall I receive
A cordial for my pain,
When, if earth's monarchs were my friends,
Those friends would weep in vain !
- 4 Great King of nature, and of grace,
'To thee my spirit flies,
And opens all its deep distress
Before thy pitying eyes.
- 5 All its desires to thee are known,
And every secret fear,
*The meaning of each broken groan,
Well noticed by thine ear.*

- 6 O fix me by that mighty power,
Which to such love belongs,
Where darkness veils the eyes no more,
And groans are changed to songs.

40 *God magnified by those that love his
salvation. Psalm xl. 16.*

1. **G**OD of salvation, we adore
Thy saving love, thy saving power ;
And to our utmost stretch of thought
Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.
- 2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain,
The sword by which our sins are slain :
And, while abased in dust we bow,
We sing the grace that lays us low.
- 3 Perish each thought of human pride ;
Let God alone be magnified :
His glory let the heavens resound,
Shouted from earth's remotest bound.
- 4 Saints, who his full salvation know,
Saints, who but taste it here below,
Join every angel's voice to raise
Continued, never-ending praise.

41 *The triumph of Christ in the cause of t
meekness, and righteousness. Psalm xlv. 3,*

- 1 **L**LOUD to the prince of heaven
Your cheerful voices raise ;
To him your vows be given,
And fill his courts with praise.
*With conscious worth
All clad in arms,
All bright in charms
He sallics forth.*

PSALMS.

2 Gird on thy conquering sword,
Ascend thy shining car,*
And march, Almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war.
Before his wheels,
In glad surprise,
Ye valleys rise,
And sink, ye hills.

3 Fair truth, and smiling love,
And injured righteousness,
In thy rétinue move,
And seek from thee redress.
Thou in their cause
Shalt prosperous ride,
And far and wide
Dispense thy laws.

4 Before thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace,
That grace which conquers all.
The world shall know
Great King of kings,
What wondrous things
Thine arm can do.

5 Here to my willing soul
Bend thy triumphant way ;
Here every foe control,
And all thy power display.
My heart, thy throne,
Blest Jesus, see
Bows low to thee,
To thee alone.

* Chariot.

42 *Quietness under affliction, a proper acknowledgment of God. Psalm xlv. 10.*

- 1 **P**EACE ! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
That blasts our joys in death ;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back our breath.
- 2 'Tis he, the potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice ;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Our covenant God and Father he,
In Christ our bleeding Lord ;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.
- 5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow ;
And shall tumultuous passions rise,
If he correct us now ?
- 6 Silent I own Jehovah's name ;
I kiss thy scourging hand ;
And yield my comforts, and my life,
To thy supreme command.

43 *The year crowned with the divine goodness*
Psalm. xlv. 11.

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ ;
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

hile as the wheels of nature roll,
 y hands support the steady pole :
 e sun is taught by thee to rise,
 d darkness when to veil the skies.
 e flowery spring at thy command
 balms the air, and paints the land ;
 e summer rays with vigour shine,
 raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
 y hand in autumn richly pours
 rough all our coasts redundant stores ;
 d winters, softened by thy care,
 ore a face of horror wear.
 asons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 mand successive songs of praise ;
 ll be the cheerful homage paid
 ith opening light, and evening shade.
 ere in thy house shall incense rise,
 circling sabbaths bless our eyes ;
 ill will we make thy mercies known,
 ound thy board, and round our own.
 may our more harmonious tongues
 worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
 d in those brighter courts adore,
 here days and years revolve no more.

*Rebels against the supreme Sovereign
 admonished. Psalm xlv. 7.*

THE Lord of glory reigns supremely great,
 And o'er heaven's arches builds his royal
 seat ;
 rough worlds unknown his sovereign sway
 extends,
 or space nor time his boundless empire ends.
 s eye beholds the affairs of every nation,
 t reads each thought through his immense
 creation.

- 5 This feeble flesh shall faint and die ;
 This heart renew its pulse no more :
 Even now it views the moment nigh,
 When life's last movements all are o'er.
- 6 But come, thou vanquished king of dread,
 With thy own hand thy power destroy ;
 'Tis thine to bear the soul to God,
 My portion, and eternal joy.

46 *The rage of enemies restrained, and over-ruled to the divine glory. Ps. lxxvi. 10.—Thanksgiving for the suppression of the Rebellion, 1746.*

- 1 **A**CCCEPT, great God, thy Britain's songs,
 While grateful joy unites our tongues
 To own the work thy hand hath done ;
 Thy hand hath crushed our cruel foes,
 When in rebellious troops they rose,
 And swore to tread our glory down.
- 2 With hell confederate on their side,
 People and prince their rage defied,
 And in proud hope devoured us all :
 Thy hand its banner hath displayed,
 Beckoned its Hero to our aid,
 And in one day their legions fall.
- 3 Thus shalt thou still maintain thy throne,
 And prove that thou art God alone,
 Though earth and hell new efforts try :
 Midst all the tumult they can raise,
 Envenomed wrath exalts thy praise,
 Till hushed, at thy rebuke, it die.
- 4 So swell the surges* of the sea,
 And roar in their impetuous way,
 As they would deluge earth again ;
 So strike they on the unshaken rock,
Dashed by the fierceness of their shock,
And foam to feel their fury vain.

* Great waves.

47 *God furnishing a table in the wilderness.*
Psalm lxxviii. 19, 20.

- 1 **P**ARENT of universal good,
We own thy bounteous hand,
Which does so rich a table spread,
Even in this desert land.
- 2 Struck by thy power, the flinty rocks
In-gushing torrents flow ;
The feathered wanderers of the air
Thy guiding instinct know.
- 3 The pregnant clouds, at thy command,
Rain down delicious bread ;
And by light drops of pearly dew
Are numerous armies fed.
- 4 Supported thus, thine Israel marched
The promised land to gain :
And shall thy children now begin
To seek their God in vain ?
- 5 Are all thy stores exhausted now ?
Or does thy mercy fail ?
That faith should languish in our breast
And anxious cares prevail ?
- 6 Ye base, unworthy fears, be gone,
And wide disperse in air ;
Then may I feel my Father's rod,
When I suspect his care.

48 *God speaking peace to his people.*
Psalm lxxxv..8.

- 1 **U**NITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet :
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

Yah's awful voice is heard,
 et gladly I attend ;
 lo ! the everlasting God
 roclaims himself my friend.

monious accents to my soul
 he sounds of peace convey ;
 tempest at his word subsides,
 nd winds and seas obey.

ll its joys, I charge my heart,
 o grieve his love no more ;
 o charmed by melody divine,
 o give its follies o'er.

*church, the birth-place of the saints,
 nd God's care of it. Psalm lxxxvii. 5.*

ENING A NEW PLACE OF WORSHIP.

ND will the great eternal God
 On earth establish his abode ?
 will he from his radiant throne
 v our temples for his own ?

ring the tribute of our praise,
 sing that condescending grace,
 ch to our notes will lend an ear,
 call us sinful mortals near.

Father's watchful care we bless,
 ch guards our synagogues in peace,
 no tumultuous foes invade,
 ll our worshippers with dread.

e, walls we to thy honour raise ;
 may they echo with thy praise ;
 hou descending fill the place
 hoicest tokens of thy grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign
 With all the graces of his train ;
 While power divine his word attends
 To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

6 And in the great decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey,
 May it before the world appear,
 That crowds were born to glory here.

50 *The gospel jubilee.*
 Ps. lxxxix. 15. compared with Lev. xxv. and Isa. xli. 1

1 **L** OUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
 And spread the joyful tidings round ;
 Let every soul with transport hear,
 And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
 That you ten thousand talents owe,
 When humbled at his feet ye fall,
 Your gracious Lord forgives them all.

3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
 Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
 To liberty assert your claim,
 And urge the great Redeemer's name.

4 The rich inheritance you lost,
 Restored, improved, you now may boast ;
 Fair Salem your arrival waits,
 To golden streets and pearly gates.

5 Her blest inhabitants no more
 Bondage and poverty deplore :
 No debt, but love immensely great,
 Whose joy still rises with the debt.

6 O happy souls that know the sound !
God's light shall all their steps surround ;
And show that jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.

51 *God the dwelling place of his people,
through all generations. Psalm xc. 1.*

1 **T**HOU, Lord, thro' every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest ;
In thee our fathers still are blest ;
And, while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide and trust.

3 Lo, we are risen, a feeble race,
A while to fill our fathers' place ;
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.

4 Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.

5 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in flesh no more,
To thee our separate souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.

6 To thee our infant race we leave ;
Them may their fathers' God receive ;
That voices yet unformed may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

52 *Reflections on our waste of years.
Psalm xc. 9.*

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

1 **R**EMARK, my soul the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year !
*How swift the weeks complete their round !
How short the months appear !*

- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all all that mortal life has done,
 God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
 The swift advancing year ;
 And study artful ways to increase
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart
 Its great concern to see ;
 That I may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise ;
 Or this shall bear my smiling soul,
 To joy, that never dies.

53 *Joy and prosperity from the presence as
 blessing of God. Psalm xc. 17.*

- 1 **S**HINE on our souls, eternal God,
 With rays of beauty shine :
 O let thy favour crown our days,
 And all their round be thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
 Our hands might toil in vain ;
 Small joy success itself could give,
 If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let every week begin,
 With thee each day be spent,
 For thee each fleeting hour improved,
 Since each by thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
 Till all our labours cease ;
 And heaven refresh our weary souls
 With everlasting peace.

54 *The mutability of the creation, and the immutability of God. Psalm cii. 25—28.*

- 1 **G**REAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name :
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Thou, Lord, with unsurprised survey,
Sawest nature rising yesterday ;
And, as to morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie:
- 3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light ;
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun ;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around :
Let death consign us to the ground :
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies :
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck * of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

55 *The frailty of human nature, and God's gracious regard to it. Psalm ciii. 14.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which raised at first this curious frame,
From mean and lifeless dust.

* *Destruction.*

- 2 By dust supported, still it stands,
Wrought up to various forms,
Prepared by thy creating hands
To nourish mortal worms.
- 3 A while these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day ;
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay.
- 4 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or feared,
This thought is our repose,
That He, by whom this frame was reared,
Its various weakness knows.
- 5 Thou viewest us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load ;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.
- 6 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace ;
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

56 *God adored for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men. Ps. cvii. 31.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record,
The various wonders of the Lord ;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 *Sing earth in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade ;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Fishes and fowls, and beasts and worms.*

4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns ;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

5 But O ! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love !
God's only Son in flesh arrayed,
• For man a bleeding victim * made.

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,
There in the land of praise adore ;
This theme demands an angel's lay, †
Demands an undeclining day.

57 *The holy soul returning to its rest in a grateful sense of divine bounties* Psa. cxvi. 7.

1 **R**ETURN, my soul, and seek thy rest
Upon thy heavenly Father's breast :
Indulge me, Lord, in that repose,
The soul which loves thee only knows.

2 Lodged in thine arms, I fear no more
The tempest's howl, the billow's roar ;
Those storms must shake the Almighty's seat,
Which violate the saint's retreat.

3 Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount
The power of language to recount ;
From morning dawn, to setting sun,
Sees but my work of praise begun.

4 Thy mercies, all my moments bring,
Ask an eternity to sing ;
What thanks those mercies can suffice,
Which through eternity shall rise ?

5 Rich in ten thousand gifts possessed,
In future hopes more richly blessed,
I'll sit and sing till death shall raise
A note of more proportioned praise.

* Sacrifice.

† Song.

58

Deliverance celebrated.

Psalm cxvi. 8.

- 1 **L**OOK back, my soul, with grateful love,
 On what thy God has done ;
 Praise him for his unnumbered gifts,
 And praise him for his Son.
- 2 How oft hath his indulgent hand
 My flowing eyelids dried,
 And rescued from impending death,
 When I in danger cried !
- 3 When on the bed of death I lay,
 With sickness sore oppressed,
 How oft hath he assuaged my grief,
 And lulled my eyes to rest !
- 4 Back from destruction's yawning pit
 At his command I came ;
 He fed th' expiring lamp anew,
 And raised its feeble flame.
- 5 My broken spirit he hath cheered,
 When torn with inward grief ;
 And, when temptations pressed me sore,
 Hath brought me swift relief.
- 6 My soul, from everlasting death,
 Is, by his mercy, brought
 To tell in Zion's sacred gates
 The wonders he hath wrought.
- 7 Still will I walk before his face,
 While he this life prolongs ;
 Till grace shall all its work complete,
 And teach me heavenly songs.

59 *Deliverance celebrated, and good resolutions formed.* Psalm cxvi. 8, 9.

- 1 **G**REAT Source of life, our souls confess
 The various riches of thy grace ;
 Crowned with thy mercy, we rejoice,
 And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread ;
 By thee were earth's foundations laid ;
 And all the charms of men's abode
 Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

Thy tender hand restores our breath,
 When trembling on the verge of death ;
 Gently it wipes away our tears,
 And lengthens life to future years.

4 These lives are sacred to the Lord ;
 Kindled by him, by him restored ;
 And while our hours renew their race,
 Still would we walk before his face.

5 So when by him our souls are led
 Through unknown regions of the dead,
 With joy triumphant shall they move
 To seats of nobler life above.

60 *Praise for recovery from sickness.*
 Psalm cxviii. 18, 19.

1 **S**OVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand
 In every chastening stroke ;
 And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
 Thy presence I invoke.

2 To thee in my distress I cried,
 And thou hast bowed thine ear ;
 Thy powerful word my life prolonged
 And brought salvation near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
 That with the pious throng,
 I may record my solemn vows,
 And tune my grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our labouring breath :
 Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.

5 My God, in thine appointed hour,
Those heavenly gates display,
Where pain and sin, and fear and deat
For ever flee away.

6 There, while the nations of the blest,
With rapture bow around,
My anthems to delivering grace,
In sweeter strains shall sound.

61 *Regard to Scripture pressed upon
persons, that they may cleanse their wa
Psalm cxix. 9.*

1 **I**NDULGENT God, with pitying ey
The sons of men survey;
And see how youthful sinners sport
In a destructive way.

2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around
To bear them to the tomb;
Each in an hour may plunge them dow
Where hope can never come.

3 Reduce, O Lord, their wandering mind
Amused with airy dreams,
That heavenly wisdom may dispel
Their visionary schemes.

4 With holy caution may they walk,
And be thy word their guide;
Till each, the desert safely passed,
On Zion's hill abide.

62 *Desires of being quickened by the w
God. Psalm cxix. 25.*

1 **W**ITH pity, Lord, thy servant view
As in the dust I lie,
Nor while I raise my plaintive voice,
Disdain the broken cry.*

* Mournful.

- 2 Fain would I mount on eagle's wings,
 And view thy lovely face ;
 But cambrous burdens drag me down
 From thine adored embrace.
- 3 Thy quickening energy diffuse
 O'er all my inmost frame ;
 And animate those languid lips
 To celebrate thy name.
- 4 Thy living word has wonders wrought ;
 Those wonders here renew ;
 And pour fresh vigour through my soul,
 While I its glories view.
- 5 From thee, great ever-flowing Spring,
 Let vital streams descend ;
 And cheer me to begin those songs,
 Which death shall never end.
- 63 *Human perfection no where to be found.*
 Psalm cxix. 96.

- 1 **P**ERFECTION ! 'tis an empty name,
 Nor can repay our cares ;
 And he that seeks it here below,
 Must end the search with tears.
- 2 Great David on his royal throne,
 The beauteous, and the strong,
 Rich in the spoils of conquered foes,
 Amidst the applauding throng ;
- 3 With all his mind's capacious powers,
 Pursued the shade in vain ;
 Nor heard it his melodious voice,
 Or harp's angelic strain.
- 4 From public to domestic scenes,
 The impatient monarch turns ;
 The friend, the husband, and the sire,*
 In sad succession mourns.

* Father.

- 5 At length thy law, eternal God,
 He through his tears descries,*
 And wrapt amidst those sacred folds,
 He finds the heavenly prize.
- 6 There will I seek perfection too,
 Where David's God is known;
 Nor envy, with this volume blest,
 His treasures, and his throne.

64 *Beholding transgressors with grief.*
 Psalm cxix. 136. 158.

- 1 **A**RISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
 To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
 And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
 Those evils, which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame;
 See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
 The Father wounded through the Son;
 The world abused; the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
 Closing in everlasting night;
 In flames, that no abatement know,
 Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God I feel the mournful scene,
 My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
 And fain my pity would reclaim,
 And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
 And can but weep, where most it loves;
 Thy own all-saving arm employ,
 And turn these drops of grief to joy.

* Discerns.

65 *The wandering sheep recovered.*
Psalm cxix. 176.

- 1 **L**ORD, we have wandered from the way,
Like foolish sheep, we've gone astray ;
Our pleasant pastures we have left,
And of their guard our souls beréft.*
- 2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm,
Far from our gentle Shepherd's arm ;
Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,
Till thou reveal the paths of peace.
- 3 O seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord,
Nor let us quite forget thy word ;
Our erring souls do thou restore,
And keep us, that we stray no more.

66 *The weeping seed-time, and joyful harvest.*
Psalm cxxvi. 5, 6.

- 1 **T**HE darkened sky, how thick it lours !
Troubled with storms, and big with
showers ;
No cheerful gleam of light appears
But nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet let the sons of grace revive,
God bids the soul that seeks him, live :
And from the gloomiest shade of night,
Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown,
Are in these watered furrows sown ;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes.
- 4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered years of golden grain ;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

* Deprived.

- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And find his sheaves, and bear them home ;
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

67 *Thanks to God for his ever-enduring
goodness. Psalm cxxxvi. l.*

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 **H**OUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems
ring,
While all our lips and hearts his graces sing :
The opening year his graces shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name.
The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending ;
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.
- 2 The heaven of heavens he with his bounty fills :
Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,
His honours sound ; you to whom God alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known.
Through your immortal life, with love increasing,
Proclaim your Maker's goodness never-ceasing.
- 3 Thou earth, enlightened by his rays divine,
Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine,
Crowned with his goodness, let thy nations meet,
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet :
With grateful love that liberal hand confessing,
Which through each heart diffuseth ev'ry blessing.
- 4 Zion, enriched with his distinguished grace,
Blest with the rays of thine Immanuel's face ;
Zion, Jehovah's portion and delight,
Graven on his hands, and hourly in his sight.
In sacred strains exalt that grace excelling,
Which makes thy humble hill his chosen dwelling

PSALMS.

5 His mercy never ends ; the dawn, the shade,
 Still see new bounties thro' new scenes displaye;
 Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
 And children lean upon their fathers' God.
 The deathless soul, through its immense duratio
 Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

6 Burst into praise, my soul ; all nature join ;
 Angels and men in harmony combine ;
 While human years are measured by the sun,
 And while eternity its course shall run,
 His goodness, in perpetual showers descending
 Exalt in songs, and raptures never-ending.

68 *God strengthening the souls of his praying
 people. Psalm cxxxviii. 3.*

1 **M**Y soul, review the trembling days,
 In which my God I sought ;
 I cried aloud for aid divine,
 And aid divine he brought.

2 Through all my weak and fainting heart
 His secret strength he spread,
 And clasped me in his arms of love,
 And raised my drooping head.

3 He called himself my covenant God,
 His promises he showed ;
 And wide displayed their solemn seal
 In the great Surety's blood.

4 I heard his people shout around,
 And joined their cheerful song ;
 And saw from far the shining seats,
 Which to his saints belong.

5 My God, what inward strength thou giv'st,
 I to thy service vow ;
 And in thy strength would upward march,
 Till at thy throne I bow.

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69

*Singing in the ways of God.**Psalm cxxxviii. 5.*

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join,
To form one pleasant song :
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears !
How open and how fair !
No lurking gins to entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring ;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise :
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All honour to his name,
Who drew the shining trace,
To him who leads the wanderers on,
And cheers them with his grace.
- 6 Reduce the nations, Lord,
Teach all their kings thy ways,
That earth's full choir the notes may swe
And heaven resound the praise.
- 70 *The innumerable mercies of God thankfu
acknowledged. Psalm cxxxix. 17, 18.*
- 1 **I**N glad amazement, Lord, I stand,
Amidst the bounties of thy hand,
*How numberless those bounties are !
How rich, how various, and how fair !*

- 2 But O ! what poor returns I make !
 What lifeless thanks I pay thee back !
 Lord, I confess with humble shame,
 My offerings scarce deserve the name.
- 3 Fain would my labouring heart devise
 To bring some nobler sacrifice ;
 It sinks beneath the mighty load :
 What shall I render to my God ?
- 4 To him I consecrate my praise,
 And vow the remnant of my days ;
 Yet what at best can I pretend
 Worthy such gifts, from such a friend.
- 5 In deep abasement, Lord, I see
 My emptiness and poverty :
 Enrich my soul with grace divine,
 And make it worthier to be thine.
- 6 Give me, at length, an angel's tongue,
 That heaven may echo with my song ;
 The theme, too great for time, shall be
 The joy of long eternity.

71 *Praising God through the whole of our
 existence. Psalm cxlvi. 2.*

- 1** **G**OD of my life, through all its days,
 My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
 The song shall wake with opening light,
 And warble to the silent night.
- 2** When anxious cares would break my rest,
 And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
 Thy tuneful praises raised on high,
 Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3** When death o'er nature shall prevail,
 And all its powers of language fail,
 Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

- 4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!
- 5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.
- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands, and crowns eternity.

72 *The meek beautified with salvation.*
Psalm cxlix. 4.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls rejoice,
And cheerful triumphs sing;
Wake all your harmony of voice,
For Jesus is your King.
- 2 That meek and lowly Lord,
Whom here your souls have known,
Pledges the honour of his word
To avow you for his own.
- 3 He brings salvation near,
For which is blood was paid:
How beauteous shall your souls appear,
Thus sumptuously arrayed.
- 4 Sing, for the day is nigh,
When near your Leader's seat,
The tallest sons of pride shall lie,
The footstool of your feet.
- 5 Salvation, Lord, is thine:
And all thy saints confess,
*The royal robes, in which they shine,
Were wrought by sovereign grace.*

73 *The reproofs of wisdom mingled with promises and threatenings, to reclaim wandering sinners. Prov. i. 23.*

- 1 **H**ARK! for 'tis wisdom's voice,
That breaks in gentle sound :
Listen, ye sons of earth and sin,
And gather all around.
- 2 What though she speaks rebukes,
That pierce the soul with smart ;
True love through all her chastenings runs,
By pain to mend the heart.
- 3 "Ye that have wandered long
In sin's destructive ways,
Turn, turn (the heavenly charmer cries),
And seize the offered grace.
- 4 "I know your souls are weak,
And mortal efforts vain,
To grapple with the prince of hell,
And break his cursed chain.
- 5 "But I'll my Spirit pour
In torrents from above,
To arm you with superior strength,
And melt your hearts in love.
- 6 "Come, while these offers last,
Ye sinners, and be wise :
He lives, who hears this friendly call,
But he that slights it dies."

74 *The voice of Christ addressed to the children of men. Prov. viii. 4.*

- 1 **N**OW let the listening world around
In silent reverence hear ;
While from on high the Saviour's voice
Thus strikes the attentive ear.

- 2 "To you, O sons of men, I call,
And from my lofty throne
Reclined, in gentle pity bow,
To bring salvation down.
- 3 "Ye thoughtless sinners, hear my
Attend my words, and live ;
My words conduct to solid joys,
And endless blessings give.
- 4 "Each faithful minister is sent
This message to proclaim ;
In every various providence,
The language is the same.
- 5 "And could the pale forgotten dead
Though deep in dust they lie,
Arise in visionary clouds,
They'd join the solemn cry.
- 6 "Forgetful mortals, yet be wise,
While o'er the grave ye stand ;
Lest long-neglected love provoke
The vengeance of my hand.
- 7 "In glad submission bow ye down,
Nor steel that stubborn heart ;
Till mine inexorable voice
Pronounce the word, Depart."
- 8 Blest Jesus, may thy Spirit breath
On souls, which else must die ;
For, till thy grace reflect the sound
Thy word in vain will cry.

75 *The encouragement young persons
seek and love Christ. Prov. viii. 17*

- 1 **Y**E hearts with youthful vigour v
In smiling exowds draw near
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you :
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to seek my face,
Is sure my love to gain :
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared, with thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind !
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

76 *The house and feast of wisdom.*
Prov. ix. 1—6.

- 1 **S**EE the fair structure wisdom rears,
Her messengers attend ;
And charmed by her persuasive voice,
To her young footsteps bend.
- 2 "Hear me, ye simple ones, she cries,
That lured* by folly stray,
And languish to eternal death
In her detested way.
- 3 "Enter my hospitable gate,
And all my banquet share ;
For heavenly wine surrounds my board,
And angel's food is there.
- 4 "Freely of every dainty taste ;
Taste, and for ever live ;
And mingle with your joys the hopes
Of all a God can give."

* Seduced.

- 5 " But if seduced by folly's arts,
 Ye seek her poisonous food ;
 Know that the dreadful moment hastes,
 'Which pays the feast with blood."

77 *The excellency of the righteous, with r
 to their temper. Prov. xii. 26. Part I.*

- 1 **H**OW glorious, Lord, art thou !
 How bright thy splendours shine
 Whose rays reflected gild thy saints
 With ornaments divine.
- 2 With lowliness and love,
 Wisdom and courage meet ;
 The grateful heart, the cheerful eye,
 How reverend and how sweet !
- 3 In beauties such as these,
 Thy children now are drest ;
 But brighter habits shall they wear,
 In regions of the blest.
- 4 In nature's barren soil,
 Who could such glories raise ?
 We own, O God, the work is thine ;
 And thine be all the praise.

78 *The excellency of the righteous, with r
 to their relations, employments, pleasure
 hopes. Prov. xii. 26. Part. II.*

- 1 **O** ISRAEL, thou art blest ;
 Who may with thee compare !
 Thine excellencies stand confessed ;
 How bright thy glories are !
- 2 O God of Israel, hear,
 And make this bliss our own ;
 Make us the children of thy care,
 The members of thy Son.

3 Thus honoured, thus employed,
By these great motives fired,
Be Paradise on earth enjoyed,
And brighter hopes inspired.

4 Thy people, Lord, we love ;
Their God our souls embrace ;
So we may find in worlds above
Among thy saints, a place.

79 *Walking with God ; or being in his fear
all the day long* Prov. xxiii. 17.

1 **T**HREE happy souls, who born from heaven
While yet they sojourn here,
Thus all their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes, with holy zeal,
Prevent the dawning day ;
And turn the sacred pages* o'er,
And praise thy name and pray.

3 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne ;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

4 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought ;
And, by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

5 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

6 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
*With thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.*

* The Holy Scriptures.

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7 At night we lean our weary heads
 On thy paternal breast ;
 And, safely folded in thine arms,
 Resign our powers to rest.

8' In solid, pure delights, like these,
 Let all my days be past ;
 Nor shall I then impatient wish,
 Nor shall I fear the last.

80 *The obstinate sinner alarmed.*
 Prov. xxix. 1.

1 **N**OW let the sons of Belial* hear
 The thunders of the Lord ;
 Unfold their long rebellious ear,
 And tremble at his word.

2 Now let the iron sinew bow,
 And take his easy yoke ;
 Lest sudden vengeance lay it low,
 By one resistless stroke.

3 Though yet the great Physician wait,
 And healing balm be found,
 One hour may seal their endless fate,
 And fix a deadly wound.

4 Swift may thy mercy, Lord, arise,
 Ere justice stop their breath ;
 And lighten those deluded eyes.
 That sleep the sleep of death.

81 *God's reasonable expectation from his*
vineyard. Isaiah v. 1—7.

1 **T**HE vineyard of the Lord, how fair !
 Planted by his peculiar care :
 Behold its branches spread and fill
 The borders of his sacred hill.

* Disobedient, rebellious persons.

His eye hath marked the chosen ground ;
 His mighty hand hath fenced it round ;
 His servants by his orders wait,
 To watch and aid its tender state.

But when the vintage he demands
 For all the labour of their hands,
 What clusters doth his vine produce ?
 The grapes are wild, and sour the juice.

Well might he tear its fence away,
 And leave it to the beasts of prey ;
 Might give it to the wild again,
 And charge his clouds to cease their rain.

But spare our land, our churches spare,
 Thy vengeance long provoked forbear ;
 Let the true vine its influence give,
 And bid our withering branches live.

2 *Isaiah's obedience to the heavenly vision.*

Isaiah vi. 8.

1 **O**UR God ascends his lofty throne,
 Arrayed in majesty unknown ;
 His lustre all the temple fills,
 And spreads o'er all th' ethereal * hills.

2 The holy, holy, holy Lord,
 By all the seraphim adored ;
 And, while they stand beneath his feet,
 They veil their faces, and their feet.

3 And can a sinful worm endure
 The presence of a God so pure ?
 Or these polluted lips proclaim
 The honours of so grand a name.

4 O for thine altar's glowing coal
 To touch my lips, to fire my soul,
 To purge the sordid dross away,
 And into crystal turn my clay.

* Heavenly.

- 5 Then, if a messenger thou ask,
A labourer for the hardest task,
Through all my weakness and my fear,
Love shall reply, "Thy servant's here."
6 Nor shall my willing soul complain,
Though all its efforts seemed in vain;
Its ample recompence shall be,
But to have wrought, my God, for thee.

83 *The stupidity of Israel and of Britain
lamented. Isaiah vi. 9—12.*

FOR A FAST DAY.

- 1 **L**ORD, when thine Israel we survey,
We in their crimes discern our own;
And if thou turn our prayer away
Our misery must, like theirs, be known.
2 To us thy prophets have been sent,
With words of terror and of love;
But not the vengeance nor the grace,
Ten thousand stubborn hearts will move.
3 Our eyes are blind, and deaf our ears;
Our hearts are hardened into stone;
As we would bar thy mercy out,
And leave a way for wrath alone.
4 Justly our God might give us up,
To plague, and famine, and the sword;
Till towns and cities, rich and fair,
Lay desolate without a lord.
5 O'er bleeding wounds of slaughtered friends,
Rivers of helpless grief might flow,
Till the fierce conqueror's haughty rage
Dragged us to chains and slaughter too.
6 *But spare a nation long thy own,
And show new miracles of grace;
'Tis thine to heal the deaf and blind,
And wake the dead to life and praise.*

84 *Confederate nations defied by those who sanctify God. Isaiah viii. 9—14*

FOR A FAST DAY.

- 1 **G**REAT God of hosts attend our prayer,
And make the British isles thy care ;
To thee we raise our suppliant cries,
When angry nations round us rise.
- 2 Fain would they tread our glory down,
And in the dust defile our crown ;
Deluge our houses with our blood,
And burn the temples of our God.
- 3 But, midst the thunder of their rage,
We thy protection would engage :
O raise thy saving arm on high,
And bring renewed deliverance nigh.
- 4 May Britain, as one man, be led
To make the Lord her fear and dread ;
Our souls no other fear shall know,
Though earth were leagued with hell below.
- 5 Give ear, ye countries from afar ;
Ye proud associate nations, hear ;
While fixed on him who rules the sky,
Our hearts your threatened war defy.
- 6 Ye people, gird yourselves in vain,
Your scattered force unite again ,
Again shall all that force be broke,
When God with us shall deal the stroke.
- 7 Now he records our humble tears,
With ardent vows for future years,
And destines for approaching days,
Victorious shouts, and songs of praise.
- 8 Emmanuel's land shall safe remain,
Blest with its Saviour's gentle reign ;
Till every hostile rumour cease
In the fair realms of perfect peace.

85 *Christ the steward of God's family.*
Isaiah xxii. 22—24, compared with Rev. iii. 7.

- 1 **W**ITH what delight I raise my eyes,
And view the courts where Jesus dwells,
Jesus, who reigns beyond the skies,
And here below his grace reveals.
- 2 Of David's royal house, the key
Is borne by that majestic hand ;
Mansions and treasures there I see,
Subjected all to his command.
- 3 He shuts, and worlds might strive in vain,
The mighty obstacle to move :
He looses all their bars again,
And who shall shut the gates of love ?
- 4 Fixed in omnipotence, he bears
The glories of his Father's name,
Sustains his people's weighty cares,
Through every changing age the same.
- 5 My little all I there suspend,
Where the whole weight of heaven is hung :
Secure I rest on such a Friend,
And into rapture wake my tongue.

86 *The rich provision and happy effects of the gospel.* Isaiah xxv. 6—9.

- 1 **B**EHOLD our God, he owns his name ;
Jehovah all our songs proclaim
With shouts of wonder and of joy ;
Long have we waited for his grace,
No longer now his love delays
For Zion his own arm to employ.
- 2 We charge our souls the joys to feel :
We charge our tongues his praise to tell :

The Almighty Saviour! this is he!
 He pours his streams of grace abroad,
 Till all the earth confess the God,
 And lands remote his glory see.

3 Dainties how rich his stores afford!
 How pure the wine that crowns his board,
 While welcome nations flock around!
 He takes the veil of grief away;
 Through thickest shades he darts the day,
 And not one weeping eye is found.

4 All-conquering death, no longer boast,
 O'er millions humbled in the dust;
 Our God with scorn thy triumph sees:
 Soon as he aims one shaft* at thee,
 Swallowed and lost in victory,
 Thine empire and thy name shall cease.

87 *The peaceful state of the soul that trusteth
 in God. Isaiah xxvi. 3.*

1 **W**EARY, and weak, and faint,
 I cast mine eyes around;
 My joints all tremble, and my feet
 Sink deep in miry ground.

2 Despairing help below,
 To heaven I raise my cries;
 God hears, and his almighty arm
 Out stretches from the skies.

3 I on that arm repose,
 And all my fears are o'er,
 New strength diffused through all my soul,
 Attests its vital power.

4 My mind in perfect peace,
 Thy guardian care shall keep:
 I'll yield to gentle slumbers now,
 For thou canst never sleep.

* Arrow.

- 5 Happy the souls alone
 On thee securely stayed !
 Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
 Nor be in death dismayed.

88 *Israel's obstinacy under God's lifted hand*
 Isaiah xxvi. 11.

- 1 **L**ORD, when thy hand is lifted up,
 The wicked will not see ;
 But they shall see with glowing shame,
 Though they obdurate be.
- 2 How few the weighty stroke regard,
 And seek their Maker's face !
 In vain may Providence correct,
 If not enforced by grace.
- 3 Exert thy, mighty influence, Lord,
 And melt the stony breast ;
 Then shall thy justice be adored,
 Thy mercy stand confessed.
- 4 The scorner then shall mourn in dust,
 And put his sins away,
 No more resist his Maker's hands,
 But lift his own to pray.

89 *God quickening the dead.*
 Isaiah xxvi. 19.

- 1 **T**HE ever-living God
 Th' expiring church shall raise,
 Our hearts his promises receive,
 And wake a shout of praise.
- 2 Death shall not always reign,
 Where grace has fixed its throne ;
 His soft compassion views the dust,
 He once hath called his own.
- 3 "Yes (saith the God of truth),
 My dead shall live again ;
 Their foe shall see their Leader's bres
 , Reanimate the slain.

- 4 The dew of heaven shall fall
In rich abundance round,
And a redundant harvest rise
To clothe the teeming ground.
- 5 Now from your dust awake,
And burst into a song;
Then spurn the earth, and mount the skies
In a triumphant throng."
- 6 Thy Zion, Lord, believes
A promise so divine,
And looks through all her flowing tears,
To see the glory shine.

90

The godly man's ark.
Isaiah xxvi. 20.

- 1 **I**T is my Father's voice;
And O! how sweet the sound!
It makes my inmost powers rejoice,
My trembling heart rebound.
- 2 "Mark, the black tempest lours,
And gathers round the sky;
Retire, and shun the sweeping showers
Of indignation nigh.
- 3 Come, my dear children, come,
And seek your Father's arms;
There is your shelter, there your home,
Midst all these dire alarms.
- 4 Enter at his command;
Close in your ark remain;
And wait the signal of his hand
To call you forth again.
- 5 The moments to beguile,
A cheerful song begin;
Nor let the roaring thunders spoil
The harmony within.

- 6 Ere long the sky shall clear,
The clouds be chased away,
And grace shall shine in radiance fair,
Through an eternal day."

91 *Laying hold on God's strength, that we
be at peace with him. Isaiah xxvii. 5.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith Jehovah, from his seat,
"Who shall presume my wrath to me
What rebel men or angels dare,
To wage with me unequal war ?
- 2 Close let the thorns and briars stand,
In thick array on either hand ;
Forth shall my flaming terrors fly ;
At once they kindle, blaze, and die.
- 3 Presumptuous sinners, yet be wise
Ere this o'erwhelming ruin rise !
Your vain tumultuous efforts cease,
And seek in suppliant crowds for peace."
- 4 Great God, we bless the gentle sound,
And bow submissive to the ground ;
Thy prostrate foes let pity raise,
And form a people to thy praise.
- 5 His thundering storms are silent now,
Calm are the terrors of his brow,
Since Jesus makes the Father known,
Our guardian Shield, our cheering Sun.

92 *The divine goodness in moderating affliction.
Isaiah xxvii. 8.*

- 1 **G**REAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine :
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep, their sounding way,
They work thy Sovereign will ;
And aw'd by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers* every blast
To them that seek thy face ;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease ;
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

93 *God waiting to be gracious*
Isaiah xxx. 18.

1 **W**AIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
And let his word support your souls ;
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.

2 He waits his own well-chosen hour
The intended mercy to display ;
And his paternal bowels move,
While wisdom dictates the delay.

3 With mingled majesty and love
At length he rises from his throne ;
And, while salvation he commands,
He makes his people's joy his own.

4 Blest are the humble souls that wait
With sweet submission to his will ;
Harmonious all the passions move ;
And in the midst of storms are still.

5 Still till their Father's well known voice
Wakens their silence into songs ;
Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

* Moderates.

94 *The different views of good and bad times of public danger. Isaiah xxxiii. 14—1*

- 1 **S**EE, the destruction is begun,
 And heaps of ruin spread the ground
 With hasty strides it marches on,
 And scatters consternation round.
- 2 Sinners in Zion take the alarm,
 The hypocrites astonished cry,
 Who with devouring flames can dwell?
 Who in eternal burnings lie?
- 3 God's gracious voice the saint revives?
 How sweet the heavenly accents sound?
 "Dwell thou on high, my child, (he says
 Where rocks shall guard thee all around.
- 4 There shall my hand thy wants supply,
 Thy water and thy bread are sure;
 There shall my visits make thee glad,
 While these alarming scenes endure.
- 5 Then, led in joyous triumph forth,
 Thine eyes the distant land shall view,
 Shall see thy King in beauty drest,
 And share his royal honours too."
- 6 My soul the oracle receives,
 And feels its energy to cheer;
 A promised heaven, a present God,
 Forbids my grief, forbids my fear.

95 *God the defence of his people from invasions of enemies. Isaiah xxxiii. 21—23.*

- 1 **T**HE glorious Lord! his Israel's hope!
 How well he bears their courage up!
 How wide his saving power extends!
 His princely titles will we sing,
 Our Judge, our Law-giver, our King,
 He guards his subjects as his friends.

- 2 Around the mountain where they dwell,
 Lo, at his word new waters swell,
 To deluge the invading foe !
 Opened by him that rules the skies,
 Mark the broad rivers how they rise,
 And with what rapid strength they flow !
- 3 To gain the well defended shores,
 In vain the galley spreads its oars,
 And the proud ship her sails displays ;
 The sails are rent, the masts are broke,
 The shattered oars all drop their stroke,
 And lightnings through the tacklings blaze.
- 4 Shout your hosannas to the Lord :
 Thus shall he still his Zion guard,
 Till the last foe be trampled down :
 High as the heavens exalt his praise ;
 High as the heavens his hand shall raise
 The soul, that here his grace hath known.

96

The highway to Zion.

Isaiah xxxv. 8—10.

- 1 **S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Your great deliverer sing ;
 Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath raised ;
 How holy and how plain !
 Nor shall the simplest travellers err,
 Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
 Nor lurking serpent wound ;
 Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
 Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on
 Through all the blissful road ;
 Till to the sacred mount you rise,
 And see your smiling God.

- 5 There garlands of immortal joy
 Shall bloom on every head ;
 While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
 Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
 Pursue his footsteps still ;
 And let the prospect cheer your eye,
 While labouring up the hill.

97 *The greatness and majesty of God, and
 meanness of the creatures. Isaiah xl. 15—17*

- 1 **Y**E weak inhabitants of clay ;
 Ye trifling insects of a day,
 Low in your native dust bow down
 Before th' Eternal's awful throne.
- 2 With trembling heart, with solemn eye,
 Behold Jehovah seated high ;
 And search, what worthy sacrifice
 Your hands can give, your thoughts devise
- 3 Let Lebanon her cedars bring,
 To blaze before the sovereign King ;
 And all the beasts that on it feed,
 As victims at his altar bleed.
- 4 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
 And call remotest nations round,
 Assembled on the crowded plains,
 Princes and people, kings and swains.
- 5 Joined with the living, let the dead
 Rising, the face of earth o'erspread ;
 And, while his praise unites their tongues,
 Let angels echo back the songs.
- 6 The drop, that from the bucket falls,
 The dust that hangs upon the scales,
 Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
 Than all this pomp, O God, to Thee.

98 *The timorous saint encouraged by the assurance of the divine presence and help.*

Isaiah xli. 10.

- 1 **A**ND art thou with us gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?
- 2 Doth thy right hand which formed the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?
- 3 Dost thou a father's bowels feel,
For all thy humble saints?
And in such tender accents speak,
To soothe their sad complaints?
- 4 On this support my soul shall lean,
And banish every care;
The gloomy vale of death must smile,
If God be with me there.
- 5 While I his gracious succour prove,
Midst all my various ways,
The darkest shades through which I pass,
Shall echo with his praise.

99 *The humility and exaltation of God's Israel.*

Isaiah xli. 14, 15.

- 1 **A**MAZING grace of God on high!
And will the Lord look down
On sinners while in dust they lie,
And dread his awful frown?
- 2 Weaker than worms, O Lord, are we,
And viler far than they;
Yet in these reptiles,* weak and vile,
Dost thou thy power display;

*Creeping things.

- 3 Jehovah's sovereign voice is heard;
 The worm lifts up its head;
 And mountains, that would crush it down
 Before the worm are fled.
- 4 Thou holy One, thine Israel's King,
 Thou our Redeemer art;
 Nor shall the blessings of thy hand
 From thy redeemed depart.
- 5 Thy love shall its own work fulfil,
 And grace shall rise on grace,
 Till worms of earth around thy throne,
 With angels find a place.

100 *The wilderness transformed; or the happy effects of the gospel. Isa. xli. 18, 19. compared with xxxv. 1, 2. xl. 6—9. lv. 13, &c.*

- 1 **A**MAZING, beauteous change!
 A world created new!
 My thoughts with transport range,
 The lovely scene to view;
 In all I trace,
 Saviour divine,
 The work is thine:
 Be thine the praise.
- 2 See crystal fountains play,
 Amidst the burning sands;
 The river's winding way
 Shines through the thirsty lands;
 New grass is seen,
 And o'er the meads
 Its carpet spreads
 Of living green.
- 3 Where pointed brambles grew,
 Entwined with horrid thorn,
 Gay flowers, for ever new,
 The painted fields adorn;

The blushing rose
 And lily there,
 In union fair
 Their sweets disclose.

4 Where the bleak mountains stood,
 All bare and disarrayed,
 See the wide-branching wood
 Diffuse its grateful shade ;
 Tall cedars nod,
 And oaks and pines,
 And elms and vines,
 Confess the God.

5 The tyrants of the plain,
 Their savage chase give o'er ;
 No more they rend the slain,
 And thirst for blood no more ;
 But infant hands
 Fierce tygers stroke,
 And lions yoke
 In flowery bands.

6 O when, Almighty Lord,
 Shall these glad scenes arise ;
 To verify thy word,
 And bless our wondering eyes !
 That earth may raise,
 With all its tongues,
 United songs
 Of ardent praise.

¶ *The blind and weak led and supported in
 God's way. Isaiah xlii. 16.*

PRAISE to the radiant Source of bliss,
 Who gives the blind their sight,
 and scatters round their wondering eyes
 A flood of sacred light.

2 In paths unknown he leads them on
 To his divine abode,
 And shows new miracles of grace
 Through all the heavenly road.

3 The ways all rugged and perplexed,
 He renders smooth and straight,
 And strengthens every feeble knee
 To march to Zion's gate.

4 Through all the path I'll sing his name
 Till I the mount ascend,
 Where toils and storms are known no
 And anthems never end.

102 *God calling his Israel by name, and
 sing them through water and fire. Isa. xli*

1 **L**ET Jacob to his Maker sing,
 And praise his great redeeming Kir
 Called by a new, a gracious name,
 Let Israel loud his God proclaim.

2 He knows our souls in all their fears,
 And gently wipes our falling tears ;
 Forms trembling voices to a song,
 And bids the feeble heart be strong.

3 Then let the rivers swell around,
 And rising floods o'erflow the ground ;
 Rivers, and floods, and seas divide,
 And homage pay to Israel's guide.

4 Then let the fires their rage display,
 And flaming terrors bar the way ;
 Unburnt, unsinged, he leads them through
 And makes the flames refreshing too.

5 The fires but on their bonds shall prey,*
 The floods but wash their stains away,
 And grace divine new trophies† raise,
Amidst the deluge and the blaze.

*Allusion to the story in Dan. iii. 19, &c.

† Monuments of victory.

103 *The riches of pardoning grace celebrated.*
Isaiah xliv. 22, 23.

- 1 **L**ET heaven burst forth into a song,
Let earth reflect the joyful sound :
Ye mountains, with the echo ring,
And shout, ye forests, all around.
- 2 The Lord his Israel hath redeemed.
Hath made his mourning people glad,
And the rich glories of his name,
In their salvation hath displayed.
- 3 Unnumbered sins, like sable clouds,
Veiled every cheerful ray of joy ;
And thunders murmured through the gloom,
While lightnings pointed to destroy.
- 4 He spoke and all the clouds dispersed,
And heaven unveiled its shining face ;
The whole creation smiled anew,
Decked in the golden beams of grace.
- 5 Israel, return with humble love,
Return to thy Redeemer's breast,
And charmed by his melodious voice ;
Compose thy weary powers to rest.

104 *The little success which attended the
personal ministry of Christ. Isa. xlix. 4.*

- 1 **A**ND doth the Son of God complain,
" Lo I have spent my strength in vain,
And stretched my hands whole days and years
To those who slight my words and tears."
- 2 O stubborn hearts that could withstand,
Such efforts from a Saviour's hand !
O gracious Saviour, who wouldst bleed,
When words and tears could not succeed !

- 3 Fall down, my soul, in humble woe,
That thou hast wronged his goodness so ;
Now let his grace resistless move
To melt the stubborn flint to love.
- 4 All-glorious Lord, march forth and reign,
And reap the fruit of all thy pain ;
And, till a nobler scene appear,
Begin the happy conquest here.

105 *God's captives released ; applied to
spiritual deliverances. Isa. li. 14, 15.*

- 1 **C**APTIVES of Israel, hear,
Who now his exiles* mourn,
See your Almighty God appear,
To hasten your return.
- 2 Jehovah is his name,
Lord of celestial hosts :
Let heaven that saving power proclaim
In which his Israel trusts.
- 3 Though helpless now ye lie,
As in a dungeon thrown,
When parched with painful thirst ye cry
And when your bread is gone.
- 4 Deliverance comes apace ;
Ye shall not there expire ;
Prepare to sing redeeming grace
With his triumphant choir.
- 5 He smote the raging sea,
Midst its tumultuous roar ;
And paved his chosen troops a way
Safe to its distant shore.
- 6 In him let Israel hope,
At whose supreme command
Graves yield their breathless captives t
And seas become dry land.

* Banished persons.

106 *The cup of fury exchanged for the cup of blessings. Isaiah li. 22.*

1 **T**HE Lord, our Lord, how rich his grace !
 What stores of sovereign love,
 For humble souls, that seek his face,
 And to his footstool move !

2 He pleads the cause of all his saints,
 When foes against them rise ;
 He listens to their sad complaints,
 And wipes their streaming eyes.

3 He takes away that dreadful cup
 Of fury and of plagues,
 Which justice sentenced them to drink,
 And wring the bitter dregs.

4 He gave it to their Saviour's hand,
 And filled it to the brim ;
 Their Saviour drank the liquid death,
 That they might live by him.

5 "Now take the cup of life (he cries),
 Where heavenly blessings flow :
 Drink deep, nor fear to drain the spring,
 To which the draught ye owe."

6 We drink, and feel our life renewed,
 And all our woes forget :
 We drink, till that transporting hour,
 When we our Lord shall meet.

107 *The holy city purified and guarded.*
Isaiah lii. 1, 2.

1 **T**RIPHANT Zion, lift thy head,
 From dust, and darkness, and the dead,
 Though humbled long, awake at length,
 And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known ;
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread :
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory, and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high thy groans will hear ;
His hand thy ruins shall repair ;
Reared and adorned by love divine,
Thy towers and battlements shall shine.
- 5 Grace shall dispose my heart and voice
To share and echo back her joys ;
Nor will her watchful monarch cease
To guard her in eternal peace.

108 *God's government, Zion's joy.*
Isaiah lii. 7.

- 1 **Y**E subjects of the Lord, proclaim
The royal honours of his name :
Jehovah reigns, be all our song ;
'Tis he, thy God, O Zion, reigns,
Prepare thy most harmonious strains,
Glad hallelujahs to prolong.
- 2 Ye princes boast no more your crowns,
But lay the glittering trifles down
In lowly honour at his feet ;
A span your narrow empire bounds,
He reigns beyond created rounds,
In self-sufficient glory great.
- 3 Tremble, ye pageants of a day,
Formed, like your slaves of brittle clay,
Down to the dust your sceptres bend ;
To everlasting years he reigns,
And undiminished pomp maintains,
When kings, and suns, and time, shall

4 So shall his favoured Zion live ;
 In vain confederate nations strive
 Her sacred turrets to destroy :
 Her sovereign sits enthroned above ;
 And endless power, and endless love,
 Ensure her safety and her joy.

109 *Divine mercies and judgments compared.*
 Isaiah liv. 7, 8.

1 **I**N thy rebukes, all-gracious God,
 What soft compassion reigns !
 What gentle accents of thy voice
 Assuage thy children's pains !

2 " When I correct my chosen sons,
 A father's bowels move :
 One transient moment bounds my wrath,
 But endless is my love."

3 Our faith shall look through every tear,
 And view thy smiling face,
 And hope, amidst our sighs, shall tune
 An anthem to thy grace.

4 Gather at length my weary soul,
 To join thy saints above ;
 For I would learn a song of praise
 Eternal as thy love.

110 *Divine teachings and their happy
 consequences.* Isaiah liv. 13.

1 **B**RIGHT source of intellectual rays,
 Father of spirits and of grace,
 O dart with energy unknown
 Celestial beamings from thy throne.

2 Thy sacred book we would survey,
 Enlightened with that heavenly day,
 And ask thy Spirit with the word,
 To teach our souls to know the Lord.

- 3 So shall our children learn the road,
That leads them to their father's God :
And formed by lessons so divine,
Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.
- 4 So shall the haughtiest soul submit,
With children placed at Jesus' feet :
The noisy swell of pride shall cease,
And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.

III *Fruitful showers, emblems of the sad
effects of the gospel. Isa. lv. 10—12.*

- 1 **M**ARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain ;
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Its secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast is fed
By providence divine ;
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.
- 3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more.

A "Joy shall begin your march,
 And peace protect your ways,
 While all the mountains round,
 Echo melodious praise ;
 The vocal groves
 Shall sing the God,
 And every tree
 Consenting nod."

112 *Comfort for pious parents, who have been
 bereaved of their children. Isa. lvi. 4, 5.*

- 1** **Y**E mourning saints, whose streaming tears
 Flow o'er your children dead ;
 Say not, in transports of despair,
 That all your hopes are fled.
- 2** While cleaving to that darling dust,
 In fond distress ye lie,
 Rise, and with joy and reverence view
 A heavenly Parent nigh.
- 3** Though your young branches torn away,
 Like withered trunks ye stand,
 With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
 Touched by the Almighty's hand.
- 4** "I'll give the mourner, (saith the Lord,)
 In my own house a place :
 No names of daughters and of sons
 Could yield so high a grace.
- 5** "Transient and vain is every hope
 A rising race can give ;
 In endless honour and delight,
 My children all shall live."
- 6** We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
 Through which thy face we see ;
 And bless those wounds, which thro' our hearts
 Prepare a way for thee.

113 *The stranger entertained in God's house of prayer. Isa. lvi. 6, 7. compared with H xxi. 13. and Eph. ii. 19.*

- 1 **G**REAT Father of mankind,
 We bless that wondrous grace,
 Which could for Gentiles find,
 Within thy courts a place.
 How kind the care
 Our God displays,
 For us to raise
 A house of prayer.
- 2 Though once estranged far,
 We now approach the throne ;
 For Jesus brings us near,
 And makes our cause his own :
 Strangers no more,
 To thee we come,
 And find our home,
 And rest secure.
- 3 To thee our souls we join,
 And love thy sacred name ;
 No more our own, but thine,
 We triumph in thy claim :
 Our Father, King,
 Thy covenant grace
 Our souls embrace,
 Thy titles sing.
- 4 Here in thy house we feast,
 On dainties all divine ;
 And, while such sweets we taste,
 With joy our faces shine.
 Incense shall rise
 From flames of love,
 And God approve
 The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng
 To worship in thy house ;
 And thou attend the song,
 And smile upon their vows ;
 Indulgent still,
 Till earth conspire
 To join the choir
 On Zion's hill.

114 *Peace proclaimed, and the fruit of the
 lips created by a gracious God.*

Isaiah lvii. 19.

- 1 **H**ARK ! for the great Creator speaks ;
 In silence let the earth attend ;
 And, when his words of grace are heard,
 In grateful adoration bend.
- 2 " 'Tis I create the fruit of praise,
 And give the broken heart to sing :
 Peace, heav'nly peace, my lips proclaim,
 Pleased with the happy news they bring."
- 3 Receive the tidings with delight,
 Ye Gentile nations from afar ;
 And you, the children of his love,
 Whom grace hath brought already near.
- 4 To these, to those, his sovereign hand
 Its healing energy imparts ;
 Peace, peace, be echoed from your tongues,
 And echoed from consenting hearts.
- 5 Enjoy the health, which God hath wrought,
 Nor let the daily tribute cease,
 Till changed for more exalted songs,
 In regions of eternal peace.

115 *The duty of remonstrating against sin,
judgments are threatened. Isa. lviii. 1.*

- 1 **T**HY judgments cry aloud,
O ever-righteous God,
And in the sight of all our land,
Thou liftest up thy rod.
- 2 Aloud thy servants cry,
Commissioned from thy throne,
And, like a trumpet, raise their voice
To make thy judgments known.
- 3 But who that cry attends,
And makes his safety sure !
Rocked by the tempest, they should flee
They sleep the more secure.
- 4 Another trumpet, Lord,
The stupid slumberers need ;
Nor will they hear a feebler voice
Than that which wakes the dead.

116 *Unsuccessful fasts accounted for.
Isa. lvii. 3. compared with 4—8.*

FOR A FAST DAY.

- 1 **O** WHERE is sovereign mercy gone ?
Whither is Britain's God withdrawn
That through long years she should comp
She fasts, and mourns, and cries in vain !
- 2 Hast thou not seen her suppliant bands,
Through all her coasts, extend their hand
Or, has their oft-repeated prayer
Escaped thy ever-listening ear ?
- 3 Thine ear hath heard, thine eye hath seen
*But guilt hath spread a cloud between ;
And, rising still before thy face,
Averts thy long-entreated grace.*

- 4 Dispel that cloud by rays divine,
 And cause thy cheering face to shine ;
 Our Isle shall shout from shore to shore,
 And dread encroaching foes no more.
- 5 Our light shall like the morning spring,
 Healing and joy our God shall bring ;
 Justice shall in our front appear,
 And glory gather up our rear.

117 *The standard of the Spirit lifted up.*
 Isaiah lix. 19.

- 1 **G**OD of the ocean, at whose voice
 The threatening floods are heard no more,
 Behold their madness and their noise,
 And silence the tumultuous roar.
- 2 Here streams of poisonous error swell ;
 There rages vice in every form ;
 They join their tide, led on by hell,
 And Zion trembles at the storm.
- 3 Almighty Spirit, raise thine arm,
 And lift the Saviour's standard high ;
 Thy people's hearts with vigour warm,
 And call thy chosen legions nigh.
- 4 Waked by thy well-known voice they come,
 And round the sacred banner throng :
 Zion, prepare the Conqueror room,
 While triumphs burst into a song.
- 5 " The Lord on high, when billows roar,
 Superior majesty displays ;
 And, by one breath of sovereign power,
 Hushes the noise of foaming seas."

118 *The glory of the church in the latter day.*
 Isaiah lx. 1.

- 1 **O** Zion, tune thy voice,
 And raise thy hands on high ;
 Tell all the earth thy joys,
 And boast salvation nigh.

ISAIAH.

Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy morning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round
Thy forms shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crowned.

3 In honour to his name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness brig
Pursue his praise,
Till sovereign love;
In worlds above,
The glory raise.

4 There on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round his throne
Ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres,*
His influence own.

119 *God the everlasting light of the
above. Isaiah lx. 20.*

1 **Y**E golden lamps† of heaven, farewe
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

* Orbits, or paths, in which the stars m
† The stars.

- 2 And thou, refulgent orb* of day,
 In brighter flames arrayed,
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode,
 The pavement of those heavenly courts,
 Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Shall there his beams display;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
 With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into mine eyes;
 Nor the meridian† sun decline
 Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite,
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.

120

*God entreated for Zion.**Isaiah lxii. 6, 7.*

FOR A FAST DAY, OR A DAY OF PRAYER FOR THE
 REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
 And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
 While feeble mortals raise their cries,
 Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?
- 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
 Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise?
 Till thy own power shall stand confessed,
 And make Jerusalem a praise?

*The sun.

† Noon-day.

- 3 For this, a lowly suppliant crowd
Here in thy sacred temple wait:
For this, we lift our voices loud,
And call, and knock at mercy's gate,
- 4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round ;
See what wide realms in darkness lie ;
And hurl their idols to the ground.
- 5 Loud let the gospel-trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar ;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.
- 6 Let Babylon's proud altar shake,
And light invade her darkest gloom ;
The yoke of iron bondage break,
The yoke of Satan, and of Rome.
- 7 With gentle beams on Britain shine,
And bless her princes, and her priests ;
And, by thine energy divine,
Let sacred love o'erflow their breasts.
- 8 Triumphant here let Jesus reign,
And on his vineyard sweetly smile ;
While all the virtues of his train
Adorn our church, adorn our isle.
- 9 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, in copious showers,
That we may call our God our friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.
- 10 Then shall each age and rank agree
United shouts of joy to raise ;
And Zion, made a praise by thee,
To thee shall render back the praise.

121 *A nation born in a day ; or, the rapid progress of the gospel desired. Isa. lxi. 8.*

- 1** **B**EHOLD, with pleasing ecstasy,
The gospel-standard lifted high,
That all the nations from afar,
May in the great salvation share.
- 2** Why then, Almighty Saviour, why
Do wretched souls in millions die ?
While wide the infernal tyrant reigns,
O'er spacious realms in ponderous* chains.
- 3** And shall he still go on to boast
Thy cross its energy hath lost ?
And shall thy servants still complain,
Their labours and their tears are vain.
- 4** Awake, all-conquering arm, awake,
And hell's extensive empire shake ;
Assert the honours of thy throne,
And call this ruined world thine own.
- 5** Thine all-successful power display ;
Produce a nation in a day ;
For, at thy word, this barren earth
Shall travail with a general birth.
- 6** Swift let thy quickening Spirit breathe
On these abodes of sin and death :
That breath shall bow ten thousand minds
Like waving corn before the winds.
- 7** Scarce can our glowing hearts endure
A world, where thou art known no more ;
Transform it, Lord, by conquering love ;
Or bear us to the realms above.

* Heavy.

122 *Backsliding Israel invited to return
God. Jeremiah iii, 12, 13.*

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDING Israel, hear the voice
Of thy forgiving God ;
Nor force such goodness to exert
The terrors of the rod.
- 2 Thus saith the Lord, " My mercy flows
An unexhausted stream,
And after all its millions saved,
Its sway is still supreme.
- 3 " One moment's wrath, with weighty crush
Might sink you quick to hell ;
Yet mercy points the happy path
Where life and glory dwell.
- 4 " Own but the follies thou hast done,
And mourn thy sins in dust,
And soon thy trembling heart shall learn
To hope, and love, and trust."
- 5 All-gracious God, thy voice we own ;
And, prostrate at thy feet,
Our souls in humble silence wait,
A pardon there to meet.

123 *The goodness of God acknowledged,
giving pastors after his own heart. Jer. iii 1!*

AT THE SETTLEMENT OF A MINISTER.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep ;
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modelled by thy own gracious heart ;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

- 3 Fed by their active, tender care,
 Healthful may all thy sheep appear ;
 And by their fair example led,
 The way to Zion's pastures tread.
- 4 Here thou hast listened to our vows,
 And scattered blessings on thy house ;
 Thy saints are succoured, and no more
 As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,
 And bless the shepherd, and the flock ;
 Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
 And own this tribute of our praise.

124 *God's gracious method of adopting love.*
 Jeremiah iii. 19.

- 1 **A** MAZING plan of sovereign love !
 And doth our God look down
 On rebels whom his wrath might doom
 To perish at his frown ?
- 2 Doth he project a wondrous scheme
 In such a way to save,
 That justice, majesty, and grace,
 May one joint triumph have ?
- 3 One look the stubborn heart subdues,
 And at his feet they fall ;
 They own their Father with delight,
 And he receives them all.
- 4 Numbered amongst his dearest sons,
 The pleasant land they share ;
 On earth secured by power divine,
 Till crowned with glory there.
- 5 Father, in thine embraces lodged,
 Our heaven begun we feel ;
 And wait the hour which thou shalt mark
 Thy counsels to fulfil.

125 *Creatures vain, and God the saviour
his people. Jer. iii. 23.*

- 1 **H**OW long shall dreams of creature-bli
Our flattering hopes employ,
And mock our fond, deluded eyes
With visionary* joy ?
- 2 Why from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought,
While our eternal Rock's forsook,
And Israel's God forgot ?
- 3 The living Spring neglected flows,
Full in our daily view,
Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,
Our broken cisterns hew.
- 4 These fatal errors, gracious God,
With gentle pity see :
To thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our souls on thee.

126 *Invitation to return to the Lord, and
away abominations. Jer. iv. 1, 2.*

- 1 **I**T is the Lord of glory calls,
O let his Israel hear :
" Stop, ye revolvers, in your course,
And hearken, and come near.
- 2 " What, though in sin's delusive paths
Ye from your youth have strayed ;
What though my messages of love
Have been with scorn repayed ;
- 3 " At last return, and grace divine
Your wanderings shall forget ;
*If loyal zeal and love dethrone,
Each idol from its seat.*

* The appearance of joy.

ation

miss,

4 "Return, and dwell secure on earth,
As in your Lord's embrace,
Till in the land of perfect joy
Ye find a nobler place."

5 Father of mercies, lo, we come,
Subdued by such a call;
O let the hand of grace divine
Reduce and bless us all.

6 So will we teach the world that love,
Which we are made to see;
And wanderers shall with us return,
And bless themselves in thee.

127 *Misimproved privileges, and disappointed hopes.* Jeremiah viii. 20.

1 **A**LAS! how fast our moments fly!
How short our months appear!
How swift through various seasons hastes
The still revolving year!

ad p

2 Seasons of grace, and days of hope,
While Jesus waiting stands,
And spreads the blessings of his love
With wide-extended hands.

3 But, O! how slow our stupid souls
These blessings to secure!
Blessings, which, through eternal years,
Unwithering shall endure.

4 Beneath the word of life we die;
We starve amidst our store;
And what salvation should impart,
Heightens our ruin more.

5 Pity this madness, God of love,
And make us truly wise:
So, from the pregnant seeds of grace,
Shall glorious harvests rise.

128

Glorying in God alone.

Jer. ix. 23, 24.

- 1 **T**HE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state ;
O'er all the earth his power extends,
All heaven before his footstool bends.
- 2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides :
Such works are pleasing in his sight,
And such the men of his delight.
- 3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast ;
No more, ye strong, your valour trust ;
Nor let the rich survey his store,
Elate* with heaps of shining ore.
- 4 Glory, my soul, in this alone,
That God, thy God, to thee is known ;
That thou hast owned his sovereign sway ;
That thou hast felt his cheering ray.
- 5 My wisdom, wealth, and power, I find
In one Jehovah all combined !
On him I fix my roving eyes,
Till all my soul in rapture rise.
- 6 All else, which I my treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall ;
But what his happiness can move,
Whom God, the blessed, deigns† to love.

129

Jeremiah's tears over the captive flock.

Jeremiah xiii. 15—17.

- 1 **F**LOW on, my tears, in rising streams,
Ye briny fountains, flow ;
While haughty sinners steel their hearts,
Nor will Jehovah know.

* Lifted up.

† Condescends.

JEREMIAH.

eat,

- 2 The flock of God is captive led
In Satan's heavy chains ;
Led to the borders of the pit,
Where endless horror reigns.
- 3 Look back, ye captives, and invoke
Jehovah's saving aid ;
Give him the glory of his name,
Whose hand your nature made.
- 4 O turn, ere yet your erring feet
On death's dark mountain fall :
Cry, and your gentle Shepherd's ear
Will hearken to your call.
- 5 Then shall those hearts with pleasure sing,
Which now in sorrow melt ;
And deep repentance yield a joy
Proud guilt hath never felt.
- 6 Almighty Grace, exert thy power,
And turn these slaves of sin ;
And, when they bring thy tribute due,
Shall their own bliss begin.
- 130 *Giving glory to God, before darkness
comes upon us. Jer. xiii. 16.*

- 1 **T**HE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly !
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light ;
And know, its Maker can command
An instantaneous * night.
- 3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze ;
And cuts from smiling vigorous youth
The remnant of its days.
- * Sudden.

- 4 On the dark mountain's brow,
Your feet shall quickly slide ;
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.
- 5 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere ; *
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.
- 6 Then shall new lustre break
Through horror's darkest gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In a celestial home.

131 *The fatal consequences of forsaking
hope of Israel. Jer. xvii. 13, 14.*

- 1 **G**REAT Object of thine Israel's hope
Its Saviour, and its praise,
Attend, while we to thee devote
The remnant of our days.
- 2 How wretched they that leave the Lord
And from his word withdraw,
That lose his gospel from their sight,
And wander from his law !
- 3 O thou eternal Spring of good,
Whence living waters flow,
Let not our thirsty, erring souls
To broken cisterns go.
- 4 Like characters inscribed in dust,
Are sinners borne away ;
And all the treasures they can boast,
The portion of a day.
- 5 But, Lord, to thee my heart shall turn,
To heal it and to save ;
The joys, that from thy favour flow,
Shall bloom beyond the grave.
- * The revolution of the sun, moon, and

132 *Christ the Lord our righteousness.*
Jeremiah xxiii. 6.

- 1 SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,
And in that name we trust ;
Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.
- 3 The sins of one most righteous day,
Might plunge us in despair ;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years,
Shall our great Surety clear.
- 4 That spotless robe which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around ;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found.
- 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given ;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heaven.
- 6 With joy we taste that manna now,
Thy mercy scatters down ;
We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promised crown.

133 *The efficacy of God's word.*
Jeremiah xxiii. 29.

- 1 WITH reverend awe, tremendous Lord,
We hear the thunders of thy word ;
The pride of Lebanon it breaks :
Swift the celestial fire descends,
The flinty rock in pieces rends ;
And earth to its deep centre shakes.

- 2 Arrayed in majesty divine,
Here sanctity and justice shine,
And horror strikes the rebel throng
While, loud this awful voice make
The wonders which thy sword has wrought
And what thy vengeance yet shall do
- 3 So spread the honours of thy name
The terrors of a God proclaim ;
Thick let the pointed arrows fall
Till sinners, humbled in the dust,
Shall own the execution just,
And bless the hand by which it falls
- 4 Then clear the dark tempestuous air
And radiant beams of love display
Each prostrate soul let mercy shine
So shall the bleeding captives feel
Thy word, which gave the wound
And change their groans to songs

134 *The possibility of dying this year*
Jeremiah xviii. 16.

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY

- 1 **G**OD of my life, thy constant
With blessings crown each day
This guilty life dost thou prolong
And wake anew mine annual song
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing year
Through his last yearly period runs
- 3 We yet survive ; but who can say
Or through the year, or month, or day
" I will retain this vital breath ;
Thus far at least in league with death

* Isaiah xxviii. 15.

- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God;
 'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;
 It holds its life from thee alone,
 On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign,
 Make them and own them still as thine;
 So shall they smile, secure from fear,
 Though death should blast the rising year.
- 5 Thy children eager to be gone,
 Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,
 And land them on that blooming shore,
 Where years and death are known no more.

135 *God's complacency in his thoughts of
 peace toward his people. Jer. xxix. 11.*

- 1 **V**ILER than dust, O Lord, are we,
 And doth thine anger cease?
 And doth thy gracious heart o'erflow
 With purposes of peace?
- 2 And dost thou with delight reflect
 On what thy grace shall do?
 And with complacency of soul
 Enjoy the distant view?
- 3 And can thy oft-injured love
 So kind a message send,
 That thou to all our lengthen'd woes
 Wilt give th' expected end?
- 4 Why droop our hearts, why flow our eyes,
 While such a voice we hear?
 Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
 While such a friend is near?
- 5 To all thy other favours add
 A heart to trust thy word;
 And death itself shall hear us sing,
 While resting on the Lord.

136 *The impudent rebellion of the Jewish refugees at Pathros. Jer. xlv. 16—18.*

- 1 **W**HOSE words against the Lord are sto
Or who presumes to say,
“That sovereign law which God proclaims
I dare to disobey?”
- 2 Ten thousand actions every where
The impious language speak ;
Yet power omnipotent stands by,
Nor do its thunders break.
- 3 But O ! the dreadful day draws near,
When God’s avenging hand
Shall show, if feeble mortals’ breath,
Or God’s own word shall stand.
- 4 My soul, with prostrate reverence fall
Before the voice divine ;
And all thine interest, and thy powers,
To its command resign.
- 5 Speak, mighty Lord, thy servant waits
The purport of thy will :
My heart with secret ardour glows
Its mandates* to fulfil.
- 6 Let the vain sons of Belial boast,
Their tongues and thoughts are free ;
My noblest liberty I own,
When subject most to thee.

137 *Asking the way to Zion, in order joining in covenant with God. Jer. l. l.*

- 1 **E**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion’s hill ;
And thither set your steady face
With a determined will.

* Commands.

- 2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join ;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 Come let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there :
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent prayer.
- 4 Come, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands ;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.
- 5 Come, let us seal without delay
The covenant of his grace ;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory efface.*
- 6 Thus may our rising offspring haste
To seek their father's God,
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their youthful feet have trod.

138 *Searching and trying our ways.*
Lam. iii. 40.

- 1 **T**HY piercing eye, O God, surveys
The various windings of our ways :
Teach us their tendency to know
And judge the paths in which we go.
- 2 How wild, how crooked, have they been !
A maze of foolishness and sin !
With all the light we vainly boast,
Leaving our Guide, our souls are lost.
- 3 Had not thy mercy been our aid,
So fatally our feet had strayed,
Stern justice had its prisoners led
Down to the chambers of the dead.

* Blot out, destroy.

4 O turn us back to thee again,
Or we shall search our ways in vain
Shine, and the path of life reveal,
And bear us on to Zion's hill.

5 Roll on, ye swift revolving years,
And end this round of sins and care
No more a wanderer would I roam,
But near my Father fix at home,

139 *The breath of our nostrils taken i
of the enemy; applied to Christ. Lan*

1 **B**LEST Saviour, to my heart more
Than balmy gales of vital air;
Were thy soul-cheering presence gone
What use of breath, unless to groan?

2 Thy Father's royal hand hath shed,
In rich profusion on thy head.
Ten thousand graces: thou alone
Canst share, and canst adorn his throne

3 But see the sovereign captive led,
Snared in the pit which traitors made
Fettered with ignominious bands
And murdered by rebellious hands.

4 Ye saints, to your expiring King
Your tributary sorrows bring:
In loyal crowds assemble round,
And bathe in tears each precious wound

5 But from the caverns of the grave
He springs, omnipotent to save;
The captive King ascends and reigns,
And drags his conquered foes in chains

6 *Beneath his shade our souls shall live
In all the rapture heaven can give;
Where Zion never shall deplore,
And heathens vex his church no more*

Of lamenting national sins.

Ezekiel ix. 4. 6.

FOR A FAST DAY.

- 1 **O** RIGHTEOUS God, thou Judge supreme,
 We tremble at thy dreadful name,
 And all our crying guilt we own,
 In dust and tears before thy throne.
- 2 So manifold our crimes have been,
 Such crimson tincture dies our sin,
 That could we all its horrors know,
 Our streaming eyes with blood might flow.
- 3 Britain, the land thine arm hath saved,
 That arm most impiously hath braved;*
 Britain, the isle its God hath loved,
 A rebel to that love hath proved.
- 4 Estranged from reverential awe,
 We trample on thy sacred law;
 And though such wonders grace hath done,
 Anew we crucify thy Son.
- 5 Justly might this polluted land
 Prove all the vengeance of thy hand;
 And, bathed in heaven, † thy sword might come
 To drink our blood, and seal our doom.
- 6 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,
 Whose souls are filled with pious fear?
 O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
 While prostrate at thy feet they lie.
- 7 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
 Nor turn away their secret groan;
 With these we join our humble prayer:
 Our nation shield, our country spare.
- 8 But if the sentence be decreed,
 And our dear native land must bleed,
 By thy *sure mark* may we be known,
 And save, in life or death, thy own.

* *Defied.*† *Isaiah xxxiv. 5.*

141 *The iniquity of sacrificing God
or the evil of a bad and neglected ed*
Ezekiel, xvi. 20, 21.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, O Israel's God,
From thine exalted throne
And view the desolate abode,
Thou once hast called thy own.
2 The children of thy flock,
By early covenant thine,
See how they pour their bleeding
On every idol's shrine.†
3 To indolence and pride,
What piteous victims made!
Crush'd in their parents fond emb
And by their care betrayed.
4 By pleasure's polished dart,
What numbers here are slain!
What numbers there for slaughter
In Mammon's golden chain!
5 O let thine arm awake,
And dash the idols down:
O call the captives of their power
Thy treasure and thy crown.
6 Thee let the fathers own,
And thee the sons adore,
Joined to the Lord by solemn vow
To be forgot no more.

142 *The humility and submission of*
Ezekiel xvi. 63.

- 1 **O** INJURED Majesty of heave
Look from thy holy throne,
While prostrate rebels own with
What treason they have done.

* Alluding to the cruel custom among some
sacrificing their children to their gods, to w
frequent references in Scripture.

- 2 Thy grace, when sin abounded most,
Reigns with superior sway;
And pardons, bought with Jesus' blood,
To rebels doth display.
- 3 While love its grateful anthems tunes,
Tears mingle with the song;
My heart with tender anguish bleeds,
That I such grace should wrong.
- 4 How shall I lift these guilty eyes
To mine offended Lord?
Or, how beneath his heaviest strokes,
Pronounce one murmuring word?
- 5 Remorse and shame my lips have sealed;
But, O my Father, speak;
And all the harmony of heaven
Shall through the silence break.

143 *God bringing his people into the covenant
under the rod. Ezekiel xx. 37.*

- 1 **H**OW gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God!
And O! how rich the blessings are,
Which blossom from his rod!
- 2 He lifts it up on high,
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.
- 3 Instructed thus they bow,
And own his sovereign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.
- 4 His covenant love thy seek,
And seek the happy bands,
That closer still engage their hearts,
To honour his commands.

- 5 Dear Father, we consent
To discipline divine ;
And bless the pains that make our souls
Still more completely thine.

144 *God's condescension in becoming the
Shepherd of men. Ezekiel xxxiv. 31.*

- 1 **A**ND will the Majesty of heaven
Accept us for his sheep ?
And with a shepherd's tender care
Such worthless creatures keep ?
- 2 And will he spread his guardian arms
Round our defenceless head ;
And cause us gently to lie down
In his refreshing shade ?
- 3 And will he lead our weary souls
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Through pastures ever green ?
- 4 What thanks can mortal man repay
For favours great as thine ?
Or how can tongues of feeble clay
Proclaim such love divine.
- 5 Eternal God, how mean are we !
How richly gracious Thou !
Our souls o'erwhelmed with humble joy,
In silent transports bow.

145 *Seeking to God for the communication of
his Spirit. Ezekiel xxxvi. 37.*

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne
And send thy various blessings down :
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.

- 2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love ;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let thy godlike power be known.
- 3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise ;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 4 O let a holy flock await
Numerous around thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.
- 5 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise ;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

146 *Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones.*
Ezekiel xxxvii. 3.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye
See Adam's race in ruin lie ;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live ?
And can these perished bones revive ?
That, mighty God, to thee is known ;
That wondrous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain ;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death ;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice ;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

- 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
 Shall shake the heavens and rend the gro
 Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
 And spring to life beyond the skies.

147 *The waters of the sanctuary heal the
 dead sea.** Ezek. xlvii. 8, 9.

- 1 **G**REAT Source of being and of love,
 Thou waterest all the worlds above
 And all the joys we mortals know,
 From thine exhaustless fountain flow.
- 2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
 From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
 Beside thy temple, cleaves the ground,
 And pours its limpid stream around.
- 3 The limpid stream, with sudden force,
 Swells to a river in its course ;
 Through desert realms its windings play
 And scatter blessings all the way
- 4 Close by its banks, in order fair,
 The blooming trees of life appear ;
 Their blossoms fragrant odours give
 And on their fruit the nations live.
- 5 To the dead sea the waters flow,
 And carry healing as they go ;
 Its poisonous dregs their power confess,
 And all its shores the fountain bless.
- 6 Flow wondrous stream, with glory crown
 Flow on to earth's remotest bound ;
 And bear us on thy gentle wave
 To him, who all thy virtues gave.

* The sea or lake where Sodom, Gomorrah,
 stood, which was putrid and poisonous ; and
 rivers say, that no fish could live in it.

148 *Tekel; or, the sinner weighed in God's balances, and found wanting. Dan. v. 27.*

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sing :

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1 **R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye,
Behold God's balance lifted high :
There shall his justice be displayed,
And there thy hope and life be weighed.

2 See in one scale his perfect law ;
Mark with what force its precepts draw :
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain,
Thy works how light ! thy thoughts how vain !

3 Behold the hand of God appears
To trace these dreadful characters ;
"Tekel, thy soul is wanting found,
And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace :
Let horror shake thy tottering knees ;*
Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
And deep repentance melt thy soul.

5 One only hope may yet prevail ;
Christ hath a weight to turn the scale ;
Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.

6 Great God, exert thy power to save ;
Deep on the heart these truths engrave ;
The ponderous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

149 *The backslider recollecting himself in his afflictions. Hosea ii. 6, 7.*

1 **T**HE Lord, how kind are all his ways,
When most they seem severe !
He frowns, and scourges, and rebukes,
That we may learn his fear.

* Compare verse 6.

- 2 With thorns he fences up our path,
 And builds a wall around,
 To guard us from the death that lurks
 In sin's forbidden ground.
- 3 When other lovers sought in vain,
 Our fond address despise,
 He opens his indulgent arms
 With pity in his eyes.
- 4 Return, ye wandering souls, return,
 And seek his tender breast ;
 Call back the memory of the days
 When there you found your rest.
- 5 Behold, O Lord, we fly to thee,
 Though blushes veil our face,
 Constrained our last retreat to seek .
 In thy much injured grace.

150 *The advantages of seeking the knowledge
 of God. Hosea vi. 3.*

- 1 **S**HINE forth, eternal Source* of light,
 And make thy glories known ;
 Fill our enlarged adoring sight,
 With lustre all thy own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,
 The brightest creatures boast ;
 And all their grandeur, and their praise,
 Is in thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the Author of our frame
 Is our sublimest skill ;
 True science is to read thy name,
 True life t' obey the will.
- 4 For this I long, for this I pray,
 And following on pursue,
 Till visions of eternal day
 Fix and complete the view.

* Fountain, or original.

151

Inconstancy in religion.

Hosea vi. 4.

1 **P**ERPETUAL, Source of light and grace,
 We hail thy sacred name :
 Through every year's revolving round
 Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all-worthless as we are,
 Its wondrous mercy pours ;
 Sure as the heaven's established course,
 And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay,
 And treacherous vows renew ;
 False as the morning's scattering cloud,
 And transient as the dew.

4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
 And loud implore thy grace,
 To bear our feeble footsteps on
 In all thy righteous ways.

5 Armed with this energy divine,
 Our souls shall steadfast move,
 And with increasing transport press
 On to thy courts above.

6 So by thy power the morning sun
 Pursues his radiant way,
 Brightens each moment in his race,
 And shines to perfect day.

152

Gratitude the spring of true religion.

Hosea xi. 4.

1 **M**Y God, what silken cords are thine !
 How soft, and yet how strong !
 While power, and truth, and love combine,
 To draw our souls along.

- 2 Thou sawest us crushed beneath the
Of Satan and of sin :
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away !
And grace, when first the war begins
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort through all this vale of tears
In rich profusions flow,
And glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords, we onward march
Till round thy throne we meet ;
And captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

153 *The relentings of God's heart on
backsliding people. Hosea xi. 7—9.*

- 1 **Y**E sinners, on backsliding bent,
God's gracious call attend ;
Shall not compassion so divine
Each stubborn spirit bend ?
- 2 "How shall I give mine Israel up
To ruin and despair ?
How pour down showers of flaming wrath
And make a Sodom there ?
- 3 "My bowels strong relentings feel ;
My heart is pained within :
I will not all my wrath exert,
Nor visit all their sin.
- 4 "The mercy of a God restrains
The thunders of his hand :
*Come, seek protection from that power
Which you can ne'er withstand."*

- 5 With trembling haste, O God, to thee,
 Let sinners wing their flight ;
 As doves, when birds of prey pursue,
 Down on their windows light.
- 6 Father, we seek thy gracious arm,
 All melted at thy voice :
 O may thy heart, that feels our woes,
 In our return rejoice.

154 *God's controversy by fire.*
 Amos iv. 11.

ON OCCASION OF A DREADFUL FIRE.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, our humbled souls
 Before thy presence bow ;
 With all thy magazines of wrath,
 How terrible art thou !
- 2 Fanned by thy breath, whole sheets of flame
 Do like a deluge pour ;
 And all our confidence of wealth
 Lies mouldered in an hour.
- 3 Led on by thee, in horrid pomp
 Destruction rears its head ;
 And blackened walls, and smoking heaps,
 Through all the street are spread.
- 4 Lord, in the dust we lay us down,
 And mourn thy righteous ire ;*
 Yet bless the hand of guardian love
 That snatched us from the fire.
- 5 O that the hateful dregs of sin,
 Like dross had perished there ;
 That in fair lines, our purged souls,
 Might thy bright image bear.
- 6 So shall we view, with dauntless eyes,
 The last tremendous day ;
 When earth and seas, and stars and skies,
 In flames shall melt away.

* Anger.

155 *Britain unreformed by remarkable deliverances. Amos iv. 11.*

FOR A FAST DAY.

- 1 **Y**ES, Britain seemed to ruin doomed,
Just like a burning brand;
Till snatched from fierce surrounding flames
By God's indulgent hand.
- 2 "Once more," he says, "I will suppress
The wrath that sin would wake;
Once more my patience shall attend,
And call my Britain back."
- 3 But who this clemency reveres?
Or feels this melting grace?
Who stirs his languid spirit up
To seek thine awful face?
- 4 On days like these we pour our cries,
And at thy feet we mourn;
'Then rise to tempt thy wrath again,
And to our sins return.
- 5 Our nation far from God remains,
Far, as in distant years;
And the small remnant that is found
A dying aspect wears.
- 6 Chastened and rescued thus in vain,
Thy righteous hand severe
Into the flames might hurl us back,
And quite consume us there.
- 7 So, by the light our burning gives,
Might neighbouring nations read
How terrible thy judgments are,
And learn our guilt to dread.
- 8 Yet, midst the cry of sins like ours,
Incline thy gracious ear;
And thy own children's feeble cry,
With soft compassion hear.

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9 O by thy sacred Spirit's breath
Kindle a holy flame ;
Refine the land thou might'st destroy,
And magnify thy name.

156 *Preparing to meet God.*
Amos iv. 12, 13.

- 1 **H**E comes ; thy God, O Israel, comes ;
Prepare thy God to meet :
Meet him in battle's force arrayed,
Or humbled at his feet.
- 2 He formed the mountains by his strength,
He makes the winds to blow ;
And all the secret thoughts of man
Must his Creator know.
- 3 He shades the morning's opening rays,
And shakes the solid world,
And stars and angels from their seats
Are by his thunder hurled.
- 4 Eternal Sovereign of the skies,
And shall thine Israel dare,
In mad rebellion to arise,
And tempt th' unequal war ?
- 5 Lo, nations tremble at thy frown,
And faint beneath thy rod :
Crushed by its gentlest movement down,
They fall, tremendous God.
- 6 Avert the terrors of thy wrath,
And let thy mercy shine ;
While humble penitence and prayer
Approve us truly thine.

157 *Jonah's faith recommended.*
Jonah ii. 4.

1 **L**ORD, we have broke thy holy laws,
And slighted all thy grace ;
And justly thy vindictive* wrath
Might cast us from thy face.
* Avenging.

- 2 Yet while such precedents appear
 Marked in thy sacred book,
 We from these depths of guilt and fear
 Will to thy temple look.
- 3 To thee, in our Redeemer's name,
 We raise our humble cries ;
 May these our prayers, perfumed by him,
 Like grateful incense rise.
- 4 O never may our hopeless eyes
 An absent God deplore,
 Where the dear temples of thy love
 Shall stand revealed no more.
- 5 Far from those regions of despair,
 Appoint our souls a place,
 Where not a frown through endless years
 Shall veil thy lovely face.

158 *God's controversy with Britain stated
 and pleaded. Micah vi. 1—3.*

FOR A FAST DAY.

- 1 **L**ISTEN, ye hills ; ye mountains, hear ;
 Jehovah vindicates his laws :
 Trembling in silence at his bar,
 Thou earth, attend thy Maker's cause.
- 2 Israel appear ; present thy plea ;
 And charge the Almighty to his face ;
 Say, if his rules oppressive be ;
 Say, if defective be his grace.
- 3 Eternal Judge, the action cease ;
 Our lips are sealed in conscious shame ;
 'Tis ours, in sackcloth to confess,
 And thine the sentence to proclaim.
- 4 Ten thousand witnesses arise,
 Thy mercies, and our crimes, appear
 More than the stars that deck the skies,
 And all our dreadful guilt declare.

- 5 How shall we come before thy face,
And in thine awful presence bow ?
What offers can secure thy grace,
Or calm the terrors of thy brow ?
- 6 Thousands of rams in vain might bleed ;
Rivers of oil might blaze in vain ;
Or the first-born's devoted head,
With horrid gore thine altar stain.
- 7 But thy own Lamb, all-gracious God,
Whom impious sinners dare to slay,
Hath sovereign virtue in his blood
To purge the nation's guilt away.
- 8 With humble faith to that we fly ;
With that be Britain sprinkled o'er ;
Trembling no more in dust we lie,
And dread thy hand and bar no more.

159 *Hearing the voice of God's rod.*
Micah vi. 9.

- 1 **A**TTEND, my soul, with reverend awe,
The dictates of thy God ;
Silent and trembling hear the voice
Of his appointed rod.
- 2 Now let me search and try my ways,
And prostrate seek his face ;
Conscious of guilt, before his throne
In dust my soul abase.
- 3 Teach me, O God, what's yet unknown,
And all my crimes forgive ;
Those crimes would I no more repeat,
But to thy honour live.
- 4 My withered joys too plainly show
That all on earth is vain ;
In God my wounded heart confides,
True rest and bliss to gain.

- 5 Father, I wait thy gracious call,
 To leave this mournful land,
 And bathe in rivers of delight,
 That flow at thy right hand.

160 *God's incomparable mercy admired.*
 Micah vii. 18—20.

- 1 **S**UPREME in mercy, who shall dare
 With thy compassion to compare?
 For thy own sake wilt thou forgive,
 And bid the trembling sinner live.
- 2 Millions of our transgressions past,
 Cancelled behind thy back are cast;
 Thy grace, a sea without a shore,
 O'erflows them, and they rise no more.
- 3 And lest new legions should invade,
 And make the pardoned souls afraid,
 Our inbred lusts thou wilt subdue,
 And form degenerate hearts anew.
- 4 Our leader God, our songs proclaim;
 We lift our banners in his name;
 With songs of triumph forth we go,
 And level the gigantic foe.
- 5 His truth to Jacob shall prevail;
 His oath to Abram cannot fail:
 The hope of saints in ancient days,
 Which ages yet unborn shall praise. ●

161 *The impoverished saint rejoicing in*
 Habakkuk iii. 17, 18. ●

- 1 **S**O firm the saint's foundation stands,
 Nor can his hopes remove;
 Sustained by God's almighty hands,
 And sheltered in his love.

- 2 Fig trees and olive plants may fail,
And vines their fruit deny,
Famine through all his fields prevail,
And flocks and herds may die.
- 3 God is the treasure of his soul,
A source of sacred joy,
Which no afflictions can control,
Nor death itself destroy.
- 4 Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,
And taste thy saints' repose :
We will not mourn the perished streams,
While such a fountain flows.

162 *God's afflicted poor trusting in his name.*
Zephaniah iii. 12.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Sovereign of the sky,
Who from his lofty throne
Looks down on all that humble lie,
And calls such souls his own.
- 2 The haughty sinner he disdains,
Though gems his temples crown ;
And from the seat of pomp and pride
His vengeance hurls him down.
- 3 On his afflicted, pious poor,
He makes his face to shine ;
He fills their cottages of clay
With lustre all divine.
- 4 Among the meanest of thy flock,
There let my dwelling be,
Rather than under gilded roofs,
If absent, Lord, from thee.
- 5 *Poor and afflicted though we are,*
In thy strong name we trust ;
And bless the hand of sovereign love,
Which lifts us from the dust.

163 *God comforting and rejoicing over 2*
Zeph. iii. 16, 17.

- 1 **Y**ES, 'tis the voice of love divine ;
And O ! how sweet the accents so
Afflicted Zion, rise and shine,
Fair mourner, prostrate on the ground.
- 2 The mighty God, thy glorious King,
Tender to pity, strong to save,
Hath sworn he will salvation bring,
'Though sorrow press me to the grave.
- 3 He all a Father's pleasure knows,
To fold thee in his dear embrace ;
His heart with secret joy o'erflows,
And cheerful smiles adorn his face.
- 4 At length the inward ecstasy
In heavenly music breaks its way ;*
Jehovah leads the harmony,
And angels teach their harps the lay. †
- 5 Fain would my lips the chorus join, ‡
And tell the listening world my joys, -
But condescension so divine,
In silence swallows up my voice.

164 *Practical reflections on the state of*
fathers. Zech. i. 5.

- 1 **H**OW swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea !
The tide that bears our thoughtless so
To vast eternity !
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own ?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and care
And wealth and honour gone.

* See the marginal reading. † See
‡ Company of singers.

Zion.

ound!

3 But joy or grief succeeds,
Beyond our mortal thought,
While the poor remnant of their dust,
Lies in the grave forgot.

4 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell!
Nor other heritage possess
Than such a gloomy cell.

5 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,*
Our souls to thee commend.

6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till, with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

165 *Joshua, the high priest's change of raiment,
applied to Christian privileges. Zech. iii. 4.*

1 **E**TERNAL King, thy robes are white,
In spotless rays of heavenly light;
Adoring angels round are seen,
Yet in thy presence are not clean.

2 What then are we, the sons of earth,
That draw pollution from our birth?
Our fleshly garments, Lord, how mean!
O'erspread with hateful spots of sin.

3 Hail to that condescending grace,
Which shows a Saviour's righteousness!
Eternal honours to that name,
Which covers all our guilt and shame!

4 His blood, an overflowing sea,
Shall purge our deepest stains away;
*Our souls, renewed by grace divine,
Shall in their Lord's resemblance shine.*

* Edge, or border.

- 5 Yet, while these rags of flesh we wear,
Pollution will again appear,
Come, death, and ease me of the load;
Come, death, and bear my soul to God.
- 6 The King of heaven will there bestow
A richer robe than monarchs know;
Dress all his saints in glittering white;
Not Joshua's mitre shone so bright.
- 7 The grave its trophies shall resign;
Christ will the mouldering dust refine;
And death, the last of foes, shall be
Swallowed and lost in victory.
- 8 My faith, on towering pinions borne,
Anticipates that glorious morn;
And, with celestial raptures strong,
Gives mortal lips the immortal song.

166 *Joshua, the high priest's zeal and faith
rewarded with a station among the angels*

Zech. iii. 6, 7.

FOR THE ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

- 1 **G**REAT Lord of angels, we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below
And through ten thousand suns of light,
Stoops to regard what mortals do.
- 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death,
Successive pastors thou dost raise,
Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide,
And form a people for thy praise.
- 3 The heavenly natives with delight
Hover around the sacred place;
Nor scorn to learn from mortal tongues
The wonders of redeeming grace.

- 4 At length, dismissed from feeble clay,
 Thy servants join the angelic band ;
 With them through distant worlds they fly,
 With them before thy presence stand.
- 5 O glorious hope! O blest employ !
 Sweet lenitive* of grief and care !
 When shall we reach those radiant courts,
 And all their joy and honour share ?
- 6 Yet while these labours we pursue,
 Thus distant from thy heavenly throne,
 Give us a love and zeal like theirs,
 And half their heaven shall here be known.

167 *The completing of the spiritual temple.*
 Zech. iv. 7.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord above,
 Who deigns on earth to raise
 A temple to his love,
 A monument of praise,
 Ye saints around,
 Through all its frame,
 The builder's name
 Harmonious sound.
- 2 He formed the glorious plan,
 And its foundation laid,
 That God might dwell with man,
 And mercy be displayed ;
 His Son he sent,
 Who, great and good,
 Made his own blood
 The sweet cement.
- 3 Beneath his eye and care
 The edifice shall rise
 Majestic, strong, and fair,
 And shine above the skies.

* What easeth, or assuageth.

There shall he place
The polished stone,
Ordained to crown
This work of grace.

168 *The error of despising the day of things. Zech. iv. 10.*

- 1 " **WHAT** haughty scorner," said
Lord,
" Shall humble things despise,
When he beholds them with delight,
Who reigns beyond the skies ?
- 2 " I from a chaos dark and wild,*
Made heaven's bright host appear ;
I from the small unnoticed seeds
The loftiest cedars rear.
- 3 " From Eden's dust I Adam formed,
The noblest human frame ;
And in his humble sons display
The honours of my name.
- 4 " From fishermen, in number few,
In human arts untaught,
All the wide realms my church can boa:
My potent hand hath brought.
- 5 " The pious poor, by men despised,
In dearest bonds are mine ;
Once hardly drest in humble weeds,†
They now like angels shine."
- 6 Lord, if such trophies raised from dust,
Thy sovereign glory be,
Here in my heart thy power may find
Materials fit for thee.

* Gen. i. 2, 3.

† Garne:

169 *Prisoners delivered from the pit by the
blood of the covenant. Zech. ix. 11.*

- 1** **Y**E prisoners, who in bondage lie,
In darkness and the pit,
Behold the grace that sets us free,
And to that grace submit.
- 2** The tidings of deliverance hear,
Confess the covenant good,
And bless the ransom God hath found
In our Emmanuel's blood.
- 3** Justice no more asserts its claim,
Your forfeit lives to take ;
But smiling mercy quick descends
Your heavy chains to break.
- 4** We walk at large, and sing the hand,
To which we freedom owe ;
And drink those rivers with delight,
Which through this desert flow.
- 5** He, that hath liberty bestowed,
Will give a kingdom too ;
He, that hath loosed the bonds of death,
The path of life will show.

170 *The fountain of life.
Zech. xiii. 1.*

- 1** **H**AIL, everlasting spring !
Celestial fountain, hail !
Thy streams salvation bring,
The waters never fail :
Still they endure,
And still they flow,
For all our woe,
A sovereign cure.
- 2** Blest be his wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguish died,
Such favours to impart.

His sacred blood
 Shall make us clean
 From every sin,
 And fit for God.

- 3 To that dear Source of love,
 Our souls this day would come ;
 And thither from above,
 Lord, call the nations home ;
 That Jew and Greek,
 With rapturous songs,
 On all their tongues,
 Thy praise may speak.

171 *God's name profaned when his table
 treated with contempt. Mal. i. 12*

APPLIED TO THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 1 **M**Y God, and is thy table spread ?
 And does thy cup with love o'erflow
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes !
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !
 Thrice happy he, who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain
 Before unwilling hearts displayed ?
 Was not for you the victim slain ?
 Are you forbid the children's bread ?
- 4 O let thy table honoured be,
 And furnished well with joyful guests ;
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared
 With hearts inflamed let all attend ;
 We leave our Father's board
 or the profit end.

Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
 And bid our drooping graces live ;
 And more that energy afford,
 A Saviour's blood alone can give.

72 *God's gracious regards to active attempts
 to revive religion. Mal. iii. 16, 17.*

THE Lord on mortal worms looks down,
 From his celestial throne ;
 And, when the wicked swarm around,
 He well discerns his own.
 He sees the tender hearts that mourn
 The scandals of the times ;
 And join their efforts to oppose
 The wide prevailing crimes.
 Low to the social band he bows
 His still attentive ear ;
 And while his angels sing around,
 Delights their voice to hear.
 The chronicles of heaven shall keep
 Their words in transcript fair ;
 In the Redeemer's book of life,
 Their names recorded are.
 " Yes," saith the Lord, " the world shall know
 These humble souls are mine ;
 These, when my jewels I produce,
 Shall in full lustre shine.
 " When deluges of fiery wrath,
 My foes away shall bear,
 That hand which strikes the wicked through,
 Shall all my children spare."

73 *Christ, the Sun of righteousness.
 Mal. iv. 2.*

TO thee, O God, we homage pay,
 Source of the light that rules the day ;
 Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
 Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.

- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace,
Which gives the Sun of righteousness ;
Whose noble light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.
 - 3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine
With beams of light and love divine ;
Quickened by him our souls shall live,
And cheered by him shall grow and th
 - 4 O may his glories stand confessed
From north to south, from east to west
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun.
 - 5 When shall that radiant scene arise,
When, fixed on high, in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display,
On all his saints, through endless day.
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HYMNS,

FOUNDED ON VARIOUS TEXTS

IN THE

NEW TESTAMENT.

174 *The axe laid to the root of unfruitful trees.*
Matthew iii. 13.

1 **T**HE Lord into his vineyard comes
Our various fruits to see:
His eye, more piercing than the light,
Examines every tree.

2 Tremble, ye sinners at his frown,
If barren still ye stand;
And fear that keenly wounding axe,
Which arms his awful hand.

3 Close to the root behold it laid,
To make destruction sure;
Who can resist the mighty stroke?
Or who the fire endure?

4 Lord, we adore thy sparing love,
Thy long-expecting grace:
Else had we low in ruin fallen,
And known no more our place.

5 Succeeding years thy patience waits
 Nor let it wait in vain ;
 But form in us abundant fruit,
 And still this fruit maintain.

175 *The light of good examples, the
 effectual way to glorify God. Matt. v*

- 1 **G**REAT Teacher of thy church, we
 Thy precepts all divinely wise :
 O may thy mighty power be shown
 To fix them still before our eyes.
- 2 Deep on our hearts thy law engrave,
 And fill our breasts with heavenly zeal
 That, while we trust thy power to save
 We may that sacred law fulfil.
- 3 Adorned with every heavenly grace,
 May our examples brightly shine,
 And the sweet lustré of thy face
 Reflected beam from each of thine.
- 4 These lineaments,* divinely fair,
 Our heavenly Father shall proclaim ;
 And men, that view his image there,
 Shall join to glorify his name.

176 *Providential bounties surveyed and
 proved. Matt. v. 45.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of lights, we sing thy name
 Who kindest up the lamp of day ;
 Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
 His beams thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed
 The copious drops of genial † rain,
 Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads
 Revive the grass, and swell the grain.

* Features. † Sun. ‡ Making f

its :

3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread ;
 Yet millions of our guilty race,
 Though by thy daily bounty fed,
 Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.

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4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
 O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;
 But, what thy liberal hand imparts,
 Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
 And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
 When all our hearts and lives are thine,
 And thou, our God, enjoyed in all.

6 Jesus, our brighter Sun, arise,
 In plenteous showers thy Spirit send ;
 Earth then shall grow a paradise,
 And in the heavenly Eden end.

177

Secret prayer.

Matt. vi. 6.

1 **F**ATHER divine, thy piercing eye
 Shoots through the darkest night :
 In deep retirement thou art nigh,
 With heart-discerning sight.

2 There shall that piercing eye survey
 My duteous homage paid,
 With every morning's dawning ray,
 And every evening's shade.

3 O may thy own celestial fire,
 The incense still inflame ;
 While my warm vows to thee aspire,
 Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
 My soul in secret bless ;
 So shalt thou deign in worlds above
 Thy suppliant to confess.

178 *Seeking first the kingdom of God, &c.*
Matt. vi. 33.

- 1 **N**OW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away, each grovelling, anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's thought ;
I spring to seize immortal joys,
Which my Redeemer bought.
- 4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue ;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heaven is kept in view.

179 *Pardon spoken by Christ.*
Matt. ix. 2.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce these words of peace,
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate the grace.
- 2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven :
The accents mild shall charm mine ear,
All like the harps of heaven.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread ;
Cheerful, I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know ;
That hand, which scatters pardons down
Shall crowns of life bestow.

MATTHEW.

God, &c.

180

The relapsing demoniac.

Matt. xii. 43—45.

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1 **S**OVEREIGN of heaven, thine empire spre
O'er all the worlds on high :
And at thy frowns the infernal powers
In wild confusion fly.

2 Like lightning from his glittering throne
The great arch-traitor fell,
Driven with enormous ruin down
To infamy and hell.

3 Permitted now to range at large,
And traverse* earth and air,
O'er captive human souls he reigns,
And boasts his kingdom there.

4 Yet thence thy grace can drive him out,
With one almighty word ;
O send thy potent sceptre forth,
And reign victorious, Lord.

5 Let wretched prisoners be released,
The smiling light to view ;
Nor let the vanquished foe return
Their bondage to renew.

6 May grace complete that wondrous work,
Which thy own power begun ;
And fill, from Satan's gloomy realms,
The kingdom of thy Son.

181 *The faith of the Syrophenician wo
recommended. Matt. xv. 26, 27.*

1 **A**LL conquering faith, how high it rose,
When heaven itself might seem t' opp
All gracious Lord, who didst appear
Most merciful, when most severe.

* Wander through.

- 2 Thus at thy feet our souls would fall,
And loudly thus for mercy call ;
“ Thou Son of David, pity show,
And save us from the infernal foe.”
- 3 Though viler than the brutes we be,
Our longing eyes would wait on thee,
Who dost to dogs this grace afford,
To taste the crumbs beneath thy board.
- 4 But thou the humble soul wilt raise,
And all its sorrows turn to praise ;
Each self-abasing broken heart
Shall with thy children share a part.

182 *The church built on a rock, and
against the gates of hell. Matt. xvi.*

- 1 **N**OW let the gates of Zion sing,
And challenge all her spiteful foes
She triumphs in her Saviour-King,
In him, who from the dead arose.
- 2 He is the rock, on whom we rest,
And firm on that foundation stand ;
Divine compassion fills his breast,
His word is sure, and strong his hand.
- 3 Hell and its host may rage in vain ;
Vain are their counsels, and their power
Grim death may marshal all his train,
And boast the conquest of an hour.
- 4 Breathless and pale his servants lie,
And know their former place no more ;
Their children raise his praises high,
And o'er their fathers' dust adore.
- 5 Their fathers' dust the Lord shall raise,
And burst the barriers of the grave ;
Parents and children join his praise,
Who through eternity can save.

183

Christ's transfiguration.

Matt. xvii. 4.

- 1 **W**HEN at this distance, Lord, we trace
 The various glories of thy face,
 What transport pours o'er all thy breast,
 And charms our cares and woes to rest.
- 2 With thee in the obscurest cell,
 On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
 Rather than pompous courts behold,
 And share their grandeur, and their gold.
- 3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy !
 Raptures divine my thoughts employ :
 I see the King of glory shine ;
 And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 4 On Tabor* thus his servants viewed
 His lustre, when transformed he stood ;
 And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
 Cried, " Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."
- 5 Yet still our elevated eyes
 To nobler visions long to rise ;
 That grand assembly would we join,
 Where all thy saints around thee shine.
- That mount how bright ! those forms how fair !
 'Tis good to dwell for ever there,
 Come death, near envoy† of my God,
 And bear me to that blest abode.

84 *The grace of Christ in ministering to men,
 and dying for them. Matt. xx. 28.*

- 1 **S**AVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
 How sweet thy gracious name !
 With joy that errand we review,
 On which thy mercy came.

* *The mountain on which Christ was transfigured.*
 † *Messenger, or ambassador.*

- 2 While all thy own angelic bands
 Stood waiting on the wing,
 Charmed with the honour to obey
 The word of such a King :
- 2 For us mean, wretched, sinful men,
 Thou laidst that glory by,
 First in our mortal flesh to serve,
 Then in that flesh to die.
- 4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
 We doubly Lord, are thine ;
 To thee our lives we would devote,
 To thee our death resign.
- 5 Blest man, who in thy cause consumes
 His vigorous days with zeal !
 Then with the last slow ebb of blood
 Is called thy truth to seal.

185 *Christ's compassionate readiness to gather souls. Matt. xxiii. 37, 38.*

- 1 **S**EE how the Lord of mercy spreads
 His gentle hands abroad ;
 And warns us of the circling foes
 That thirst to drink our blood !
- 2 " Fly to the shelter of mine arms,
 And dwell secure from fear ;
 Not earth nor hell shall pluck you thence,
 Or reach and wound you there."
- 3 With anxious heart the parent-bird
 Thus calls her offspring round,
 When horrid vultures beat the air,
 And slaughter stains the ground.
- 4 The trembling brood, by nature taught,
 Fly to the known retreat,
 Beneath her downy wings are safe,
 And find the shelter sweet.

- 5 But men, alas ! more thoughtless men,
 Refuse to lend an ear ;
 Their only refuge madly fly,
 And rather die than hear.
- 6 They spurn the Saviour's offered grace,
 Till they his wrath inflame ;
 Then désolation lays them low
 In agony and shame.

186 *The abounding of iniquity, and coldness of Christian love. Matt. xxiv. 12.*

FOR A FAST DAY.

- 1 **A** LAS ! for Britain, and her sons !
 What hath she not to fear ?
 The sins that ruined Salem once,
 O how triumphant here.
- 2 Alas ! the strong o'erflowing tide !
 How fiercely doth it rage !
 And each foreboding symptom joins
 In terrible presage.
- 3 Yet who hath eyes that can discern ?
 Or who an ear to hear ?
 Whose heart is trembling for the ark ?
 Or for his country dear ?
- 4 Cold is the love of Christian breasts,
 If Christian breasts remain ;
 And dying the last sparks of zeal,
 Or its last efforts vain.
- 5 Of Britain, oft chastised and saved,
 What shall the end be found ?
 Shall not the sword, that waves so long,
 Inflict the deeper wound ?
- 6 O stay thine arm, all-gracious God ;
 Thy Spirit largely pour ;
 He can the streams of guilt restrain,
 And dying love restore.

187 *The final sentence, and happiness of righteous. Matt. xxv. 34.*

- 1 **A**TTEND mine ear, my heart rejoice,
While Jesus, from his throne,
Begirt with all the angelic hosts,
Makes his last sentence known.
- 2 When sinners, cursed from his face,
To raging flames are driven,
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to heaven.
- 3 "Blest of my Father, all draw near,
Receive the large reward;
And rise with raptures to possess
The kingdom love prepared.
- 4 "Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
This sovereign purpose wrought,
And reared those palaces divine
To which you now are brought.
- 5 "There shall you reign unnumbered years,
Protected by my power;
While sin and hell, and pains and cares,
Shall vex your souls no more."
- 6 Come, dear majestic Saviour, come,
This jubilee proclaim;
And teach us accents fit to praise
So great, so dear a name.

188 *Relieving Christ in his poor saints. Matthew xxv. 40.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost thou exalted shine ;
 What can my poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are thine ?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace,
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou mayest be clothed and fed,
 And visited, and cheered ;
 And, in their accents of distress,
 My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
 I in thy poor would see ;
 O rather let me beg my bread,
 Than hold it back from thee.

189 *The final sentence and misery of the
 wicked. Matt. xxv. 41.*

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend ?
 And must the dead arise ?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
 Shall such a sentence sound ?
 And through the millions of the damned
 Spread black despair around ?
- 3 " Depart from me, accursed,
 To everlasting flame ;
 For rebel angels first prepared,
 Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven before his face,
 Astonished, shrink away ?

5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,
What joyful tidings spread.

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled,
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

190 *Christ's submission to his Father's will.*
Matthew xxvi. 42.

1 "FATHER divine," the Saviour cried,
While horrors pressed on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
"Remove this bitter cup away.

2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,
Or helpless man be left forlorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say, Thy will, not mine, be done."

3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low ;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would say, Thy will, not ours, be done.

4 Then, though like him, in dust we lie,
We'll view the blissful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

*Reflections on the disciples forsaking
Christ when he was betrayed. Matt. xxvi. 56.*

HOLD the Son of God's delight;
His smiles how sweet! his rays how bright!
Friend of tenderness unknown:
On his last breath he loved his own.

Alas, his friends, his brethren dear,
When they saw his danger near;
Not one generous heart remains
To shield his life, or share his pains.

Fragile is man; so frail are we,
How unsupported, Lord, by thee;
How shrinks our faith; thus droops our love!
How thus our vows abortive prove.

Oh Jesus, thy own power impart,
To bind in cords of love my heart:
The fugitive no more shall flee,
I'll keep, through death, its hold on thee.

*Christ's complaint of his Father's forsaking
him on the cross. Matt. xxvii. 46.*

WHAT doleful accents do I hear!
What piercing cry invades mine ear?
Wounded with shame, and bathed in blood,
How calls to a forsaking God?

Alas, what a pining and heart-rending sight!
To see his own darling and delight,
Who once in his embraces lay,
Now forlorn, more than all the sons of day.

When this Jesus died for me,
He ended on the cursed tree,
He stood afar, nor would afford
A pitying look, one cheering word.

- 4 What then, my soul, must thou have felt,
If pressed with all thy load of guilt,
Beneath whose weight the Saviour cries,
Who formed the earth, and built the skies—
- 5 But in that dark, tremendous hour,
Unconquered faith exerts its power;
My God, my Father, cried aloud,
And heaven th' endearing name avowed.
- 6 From death, from earth, he raised his Son—
And gave him for his cross a throne;
Triumphant there the Sufferer reigns,
And reaps the harvest of his pains.
- 7 Eternal raptures there are known;
Nor flows the joy on him alone;
But for his sake the Lord hath sworn,
To leave the meanest saint no more.

193

The same.
Matthew xxvii. 46.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, didst thou die for me?
For me send forth that bitter cry?
With bleeding heart thy wounds I see,
Prepared at thy command to die.
- 2 By all thine anguish on the cross,
When God thy Father stood afar,
Rich in thy temporary loss,
The church is brought for ever near.
- 3 From far the beamings of thy throne
Revived my sympathizing heart:
Thy love made sinners' griefs thy own,
Mine in thy joys must take its part.
- 4 Midst all the splendours of thy reign,
Think on the sorrows thou hast felt;
Nor let a mourner weep in vain,
For whom thy precious blood was spilt.

While thro' earth's darkest gloom I tread,
 Dart to my soul a cheering ray ;
 And on the confines of the dead,
 Thy power, as Lord of life, display.

94 *The angel's reply to the women that sought Christ. Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.*

1 YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,
 Chase all your fears away ;
 And bow with pleasure down to see
 The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;
 Such wonders love can do ;
 -Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
 Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3 A moment give a loose to grief,
 Let grateful sorrows rise,
 And wash the bloody stains away
 With torrents from your eyes.

4 Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
 The Saviour lives again ;
 Not all the bolts and bars of death
 The Conqueror could detain.

5 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
 His once dishonoured head ;
 And through unnumbered years he reigns
 Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy like his shall every saint
 His empty tomb survey ;
 Then rise with his ascending Lord
 Through all his shining way.

195 *Christ ever present with his minister
churches. Matt. xxviii. 20.*

- 1 **W**IDE o'er all worlds the Saviour reig
Unmoved his power and love rema
And on his arm his church shall rest:
Fair Zion, joyful in her King,
Through every changing age shall sing,
With his perpetual presence blest.
- 2 Tyrannic death, in vain thy rage,
Thy triumphs new in every age,
O'er the first heroes of his host;
Conscious of more than mortal aid,
Our bleeding hearts are not dismayed,
But an immortal Leader boast.
- 3 Though buried deep in dust they lie,
Whose tuneful voices raised on high,
Led the sweet anthems to his name:
The children learn the father's song,
And unformed tongues shall still prolong
The ever-present Saviour's fame.
- 4 The present Saviour he shall give
Millions of future saints to live,
And crowd the temples of his grace:
The present Saviour, lo, he comes
To call whole legions from their tombs,
And teach their dust sublimer praise.

196 . *Departed saints asleep.
Mark v. 39.*

- 1 " **W**HY flow these torrents of distress
(The gentle Saviour cries),
Why are my sleeping saints surveyed
With unbelieving eyes?
- 2 " Death's feeble arm shall never boast
A friend of Christ is slain;
Nor o'er their meaner part in dust,
A lasting power retain.

- 3 " I come, on wings of love, I come,
The slumberers to awake ;
My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,
And all its bonds shall break.
- 4 " Touched by my hand, in smiles they rise ;
They rise to sleep no more ;
But robed with light, and crowned with joy,
To endless day they soar."
- 5 Jesus, our faith receives thy word ;
And though fond nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
And emulate their sleep.
- 6 Our willing souls thy summons wait,
With them to rest and praise ;
So let thy much loved presence cheer
These separating days.

197 *The struggle between faith and unbelief.*
Mark ix. 24.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our soul's delightful choice,
In thee believing we rejoice ;
Yet still our joy is mixed with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive ;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust ;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame ;
Reveal *the glories* of thy name ;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispersed by opening light.

198 *Christ's condescending regard to his children.* Mark x. 14.

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee:
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear:
 Ye children, seek his face;
 And fly with transports to receive
 The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust:
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 If weeping o'er their dust.

199 *Christian watchfulness.*
 Mark xiii. 37.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,
 And view the threatening scene:
 Legions of foes encamp around,
 And treachery lurks within.
- 2 'Tis not this mortal life alone
 These enemies assail;
 All thine eternal hopes are lost,
 If their attempts prevail.

Now to the work of God awake ;
 Behold thy Master near :
 The various, arduous task pursue,
 With vigour and with fear.
 The awful register goes on,
 The account will surely come,
 And opening day, or closing night,
 May bear me to my doom.
 Tremendous thought ! how deep it strikes !
 Yet like a dream it flies,
 Till God's own voice the slumbers chase
 From these deluded eyes.

O *The nativity of Christ.*
 Luke ii. 10—12.

- 1 **H**AIL, progeny* divine !
 Hail, Virgin's wondrous Son !
 Who, for that humble shrine,
 Didst quit the Almighty's throne ;
 The Infant Lord
 Our voices sing,
 And be the King
 Of grace adored.
- 2 Ye princes, disappear,
 And boast your crowns no more ;
 Lay down your sceptres here,
 And in the dust adore :
 Where Jesus dwells,
 The manger bare
 In lustre far
 Your pomp excels.
- 3 With Bethlehem's shepherds mild,
 The angels bow their head ;
 And round the sacred child,
 Their guardian wings they spread ;
 * Offspring.

They knew, that where
 Their Sovereign lies,
 In low disguise,
 Heaven's court is there.

- 4 Thither, my soul, repair,
 And earthly homage pay
 To thy Redeemer fair
 As on his natal* day :
 I kiss thy feet ;
 And, Lord, would be
 A child like thee,
 Whom thus I greet.

201 *The angel's song at Christ's birth.*
 Luke ii. 13, 14.

- 1 **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
 And join the angelic throng ;
 For angels no such love have known,
 To awake a cheerful song.
- 2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
 And peace on earth is given ;
 For, lo, the incarnate Saviour comes
 With messages from heaven.
- 3 Justice and grace with sweet accord
 His rising beams adorn ;
 Let heaven and earth in concert join,
 Now such a child is born.
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains,
 In highest worlds be paid ;
 His glory by our lips proclaimed,
 And by our lives displayed.
- 5 When shall we reach those blissful realms,
 Where Christ exalted reigns,
 And learn of the celestial choir
 Their own immortal strains ?

* Birth-day.

*Simeon's song and declaration to the
Virgin Mary. Luke ii. 30—35.*

OUR eyes salvation see,
Prepared by grace divine :
How wide its splendours are diffused !
How bright its glories shine !

Through distant heathen lands
It darts a vivid* ray,
And to the realms where Satan reigned
Imparts celestial day.

The Israel of the Lord,
In Christ their glory boast ;
And on the honours of his name,
Their whole salvation trust.

By him shall millions rise
To an immortal crown,
And millions that his grace despise,
Shall sink in ruin down.

Our reckoning is begun,
And on the account will go,
E'll closed in everlasting joy,
Or never-ending woe.

Christ's message.

Luke iv. 18, 19.

[ARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !
The Saviour promised long !
Every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

From him the Spirit largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
His *dom* and *might*, and *zeal* and *love*,
His *holy breast* inspire.

* Lively.

- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eye-balls of the blind
 To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure,
 And with the treasures of his grace
 To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 His silver trumpets publish loud
 The jubilee of the Lord ;*
 Our debts are all remitted now
 Our heritage restored.
- 7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

204 *The recovered Demoniac, an emblem
 a converted sinner. Luke viii. 35.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, we own thy saving power,
 And thy victorious hand ;
 Hell's legions tremble at thy feet,
 And fly at thy command.
- 2 O'er souls by passion's uproar filled
 With anarchy† unknown,
 The nobler powers restored by thee,
 Ascend their peaceful throne.

* The acceptable year of the Lord, i. e. the year
 Jubilee. *Levit. xxv.*
 † Confusion and disorder.

- 3 No more they read their clothing off;
 No more their wounds repeat;
 But gentle and composed they wait
 Attentive at thy feet.
- 4 O'er thousands more, where Satan rules,
 May we such triumphs see;
 And be their rescued souls and ours
 Devoted, Lord, to thee.

205

The good Samaritan.
 Luke x. 30—37.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
 All powerful from above,
 To form in our obedient souls
 The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathising breasts
 That generous pleasure know,
 Kindly to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
 When throned above the skies,
 And midst the embraces of his God,
 He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
 To raise us from the ground,
 And made the richest of his blood
 A balm for every wound.

206

*The care of the soul, the one thing
 needful.* Luke x. 42.

- 1 WHY will ye lavish out your years,
 Amidst a thousand trifling cares;
 While in this various range of thought,
 The one thing needful is forgot?

- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind ;
While angels with regret look down,
To see you spurn a heavenly crown ?
- 3 Th' eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love ;
Awakened conscience gives you pain ;
And shall they join their pleas in vain ?
- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which ye now pursue ;
Not so shall heaven and hell appear
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God, thy power impart,
To fix convictions on the heart ;
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

207 *Mary's choice of the better part.*

Luke x. 42.

- 1 **B** ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear ;
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

08 *Christ's little flock comforted with the views of a kingdom. Luke ii. 33.*

YE little flock whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares ;
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence ;
Midst sands and rocks your Shepherd's voice
Calls streams and pastures thence.

Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight ;
His feeblest child his love shall call,
To triumph in his sight.

Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
For sure supports like these ;
And o'er the pious dead we sing
Thy living promises.

For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless a Saviour's name ;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song,
Which breaks this mortal frame.

09 *Providing bags that wax not old, &c. Luke xii. 33.*

THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade !
How swift they pass away !
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day !

The bags are rent, the treasures lost,
We fondly called our own :
Scarce could we the possession boast,
And strait we found it gone.

- 3 But there are joys that cannot die,
Which God laid up in store ;
Treasure beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.
- 4 To that my rising heart aspires,
Secure to find its rest,
And glories in such wide desires
Of all their wish possessed.
- 5 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.
- 6 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay ;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And heaven at large repay.

210

The active Christian.

Luke xii. 35—38.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he's near ;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found ;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 - Christ shall the banquet spread
 With his own royal hand,
 And raise that favourite servant's head
 Amidst the angelic band.

21 1 *Room at the gospel-feast.*
 Luke xiv. 22.

1 THE king of heaven his table spreads,
 And dainties crown the board ;
 Not Paradise, with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are given ;
 And the rich blood that Jesus shed,
 To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
 In sin's dark mazes, come :
 Come from the hedges and highways,
 And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here ;
 And millions more, still on the way,
 Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come ;
 Nor could the wide, assembling world
 O'er-fill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready, come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame ;
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's name.

212 *The present and future state of the saint
and sinner compared. Luke xvi. 25.*

- 1 **I**N what confusion earth appears !
God's dearest children bathed in tears ;
While they, who heaven itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.
- 2 But patient let my soul attend,
And, ere I censure, view the end :
That end, how different, who can tell ?
The wide extremes of heaven and hell.
- 3 See the red flames around him twine,
Who did in gold and purple shine !
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
To allay the scorching of his pain.
- 4 While round the saint, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow ;
On Abram's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.
- 5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share
The meanest of thy servants' fare ;
May I at last approach to taste
The blessings of thy marriage feast.

213 *Rebels against Christ executed.
Luke xix. 27.*

- 1 **H**E comes, the royal Conqueror comes ;
His legions fill the sky ;
Angelic trumpets rend the tombs,
And loud proclaim him nigh.
- 2 Ye rebel hosts, how vain your rage
Against this sovereign Lord !
What madness bears you on to engage
The terrors of his sword ?

- 3 "Bring forth," he cries, "those sons of pride,
That scorned my gentle sway,
To prove the arm they once defied
Omnipotence to slay."
- 4 Tremendous scene of wrath divine !
How wide the vengeance spreads !
His pointed darts of lightning shine
Round their defenceless heads.
- 5 Now let the rebels seek that face
From which they cannot flee !
And thou, my soul, adore the grace,
That sweetly conquered thee.

214 *The Redeemer's tears wept over lost souls.*
Luke xix. 41, 42.

- WHAT** venerable sight appears ?
The Son of God dissolved in tears !
Trace, O my soul, with sad surprise,
The sorrows of a Saviour's eyes.
- For whom, blest Jesus, we would know,
Doth such a sacred torrent flow ?
What brother, or what friend of thine,
Is graced and mourned with drops divine ?
Nor brother there, nor friend I see,
But sons of pride and cruelty ;
Who like rapacious tygers stood,
Insatiate panting for thy blood.
- Dear Lord, and did thy gushing eyes
Thus stream o'er dying enemies ;
And can thy tenderness forget
The sinner humbled at thy feet ?
With deep remorse our bowels move,
That we have wronged such matchless love ;
Thy gentle pity, Lord, display,
And smile these trembling fears away.

- 6 Give us to shine before thy face,
 Eternal trophies of thy grace ;
 Where songs of praise thy saints em-
 And mingle with a Saviour's joy.

215 *Departed saints living to God.*
 Luke xx. 38.

- 1 **T**HURICE happy state where saints
 Around their Father's throne,
 In every joy, that heaven can give,
 And live to God alone !
- 2 Unnumbered bands of kindred minds,
 That dwelt in feeble clay,
 Us and our woes have left behind,
 To reign in endless day.
- 3 Immortal vigour now they breathe,
 And all the air is peace ;
 They chide our tears that mourn the
 Which brought their souls release.
- 4 Thus shall the grace of Christ prevail
 Till all his chosen meet ;
 And not the meanest servant fail
 His household to complete.
- 5 To that blest goal,* with ardent hast
 Our active souls would tend ;
 Nor feel their sorrows, as they pass
 To such a blissful end.

216 *Christ's admonition to, and care*
under approaching trials. Luke xx

- 1 **H**OW keen the tempter's malice
 How artful, and how great !
 Though not one grain shall be des-
 Yet will he sift the wheat.

* The end of a race where the prize

- 2 But God can all his power control,
 And gather in his chain ;
 And where he seems to triumph most,
 The captive soul regain.
- 3 There is a Shepherd kind and strong,
 Still watchful for his sheep ;
 Nor shall the infernal lion rend
 Whom he vouchsafes to keep.
- 4 Blest Jesus, intercede for us,
 That we may fall no more :
 O raise us, when we prostrate lie,
 And comfort lost restore.
- 5 Thy secret energy impart,
 That faith may never fail ;
 But, midst whole showers of fiery darts,
 That tempered shield prevail.
- 6 Secured ourselves by grace divine,
 We'll guard our brethren too ;
 And taught their frailty by our own,
 Our care of them renew.

217 *Christ's prayer for his enemies.*
 Luke xxxiii. 34.

- 1 **A** LOUD I sing the wondrous grace,
 Christ to his murderers bear ;
 Which made the tottering cross its throne,
 And hung its trophies there.
- 2 Father, forgive, his mercy cried,
 With his expiring breath ;
 And drew eternal blessings down,
 On those who wrought his death.
- 3 Then may I hope for pardon too,
 Though I have pierced the Lord :
 Blest Jesus, in my favour speak
 That all-prevailing word.

- 4 I knew not what my madness did,
 While I remained thy foe ;
 Soon as I saw the wounds were thine
 My tears began to flow.
- 5 Melted by goodness so divine,
 I would its footsteps trace ;
 And, while beneath thy cross I stand
 My fiercest foes embrace.

218 *The resurrection of Christ.*
 Luke xxiv. 34.

- 1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose ;
 The Saviour left the dead ;
 And o'er our hellish foes
 High raised his conquering head ;
 In wild dismay
 The guards around
 Fell to the ground,
 And sunk away.
- 2 Lo, the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet :
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way
 From realms of day
 To such a tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
 And the glad tidings bear ;
 Hark ! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air !
 Their anthems say,
 " Jesus, who bled,
 Hath left the dead,
 He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeemed by him from hell ;
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell :
 Transported cry,
 " Jesus who bled,
 Hath left the dead ;
 No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who savest us with thy blood !
 Wide be thy name adored,
 Thou rising, reigning God.
 With thee we rise,
 With thee we reign,
 And empires gain
 Beyond the skies.

219 *The gospel first preached at Jerusalem.*
 Luke xxiv. 47.

1 " **G**O," saith the Lord, " proclaim my grace
 To all the sons of Adam's race,
 Pardon for every crimson sin,
 And at Jerusalem begin.

2 " There, where my blood, not fully dry,
 Stands warm upon Mount Calvary,
 That blood shall purge away their guilt,
 By whom so lately it was spilt.

3 " Now let the daring rebels turn,
 And o'er their bleeding Sovereign mourn ;
 Their bleeding Sovereign shall forgive,
 And bid the rebels look and live."

4 Is this thy voice, all-gracious Lord ?
 And did the rebels hear thy word ?
 And did they fall beneath thy feet,
 And on their knees forgiveness meet ?

Till midst the new Jerusalem
In one full choir we sing thy name.

220 *God's love to the world, in sending
for its redemption. John iii. 16*

1 **S**ING to the Lord a new melodious
Assist the choir, ye tribes of every
Wide as the world his sovereign merc
Wide as the world resound the rapturo
Ye angels, join the joyful acclamation,
And sing the love that brings to men sa

2 His gracious eye beheld in full survey
Where Adam's race in mingled ruin l
No human aid the danger could avert
No angel's hand could sooth the ragir
In his own breast divine compassion ris
And the grand scheme the court of heav'n

3 God's only Son, with peerless * glori
His Father's fairest image and deligh
Justice and grace the victim have dec

5 Father of Grace, accept our humble praise ;
 O let it run through everlasting days !
 And thou, blest Saviour, spotless Lamb of God,
 Accept the souls dear ransomed with thy blood,
 And to those songs form all our feeble voices,
 In which the choir round thy bright throne rejoices.

221 *The Spirit's influences compared to living water.* John iv. 10.

1 **B**LEST Jesus, Source of grace divine,
 What soul-refreshing streams are thine !
 O bring these healing waters nigh,
 Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller through desert lands,
 Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
 More eager longs for cooling rain,
 Or pants the current to obtain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
 Spring up, celestial fountain, spring ;
 To a redundant river flow,
 And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this blest torrent near my side
 Through all the desert gently glide ;
 Then in Emmanuel's land above,
 Spread to a sea of joy and love.

222 *The Christian's secret feast.*
 John iv. 32.

1 **W**E praise the Lord for heavenly bread,
 With which immortal souls are fed :
 We praise thee for that heavenly feast,
 Which Jesus with delight could taste.

2 He, while he sojourned here below,
 Had meat which strangers could not know ;
 That meat he to his people gives,
 And he that tastes the banquet lives.

- 3 So let me live, sustained by grace
 Regaled with fruits of righteousness
 Enter my heart, all-gracious Lord
 And sup with me, and deck thy table
 4 Devotion, faith, and zealous love,
 And hope, that bears the soul above
 Be these my dainties, till I rise,
 And taste the joys of Paradise.

223 *The paralytic at Bethesda.*
 John v. 6.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the great Physician
 Whose skill is ever sure ;
 And loud he calls to dying men,
 And free he offers cure.
 2 And will ye hear his gracious voice
 While sore diseased ye lie ?
 Or will ye all his grace despise,
 And trifle till ye die ?
 3 Blest Jesus, speak the healing word
 And inward vigour give ;
 Then, raised by energy divine,
 Shall helpless mortals live.
 4 With cheerful pace our trembling
 In thy blest paths shall run,
 Till Zion's healthful hill they gain
 Where no complaint is known.

224 *God's purposes effectual, and
 invitation sincere.* John vi.

- 1 **I**S there a sight in earth or heaven
 Can such delight impart,
 As Jesus' wide extended arms,
 And softly melting heart ?
 2 " All that my heavenly Father gives
 Shall come," the Saviour cries
 " And every weakest soul that
 Find favour in mine eyes.

- s.
d.
- 3 " I'll not reject him with disdain,
Nor hurl him down to hell ;
But folded in my kind embrace,
He safe and blest shall dwell."
- 4 Harken, ye dying sinners all ;
All hasten, while ye hear ;
For crowds of wretched souls at once
May find their refuge there.
- 5 I hear thy voice, and I obey ;
Low at thy feet I fall ;
Nor shall the tempter's voice prevail
Against the Saviour's call.

225 *Christ's invitation to thirsty souls.*
John vii. 37.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of life exalted stands,
Aloud he cries, and spreads his hands ;
He calls ten thousand sinners round,
And sends a voice from every wound.
- 2 " Attend, ye thirsty souls, draw near,
And satiate all your wishes here :
Behold the living fountain flows
In streams as various as your woes.
- 3 " An ample pardon here I give,
And bid the sentenced rebel live,
Show him my Father's smiling face,
And lodge him in his dear embrace.
- 4 " I purge from sin's detested stain,
And make the crimson white again,
Lead to celestial joys refined,
And lasting as the deathless mind.
- 5 " Must I anew my pity prove ?
*Witness the words of melting love,
The gushing tear, the labouring breath,
And all these scars of bleeding death.*"

- 6 Blest Saviour, I can doubt no more ;
 I hear, and wonder, and adore :
 Panting, I seek that fountain head,
 Whence waters so divine proceed.
- 7 Clear spring of life, flow on and roll
 With glowing swell from pole to pole,
 Till flowers and fruits of Paradise
 Round all the winding current rise.
- 8 Still near thy stream may I be found,
 Long as I tread this earthly ground ;
 Cheer with thy wave death's gloomy sh
 Then through the fields of Canaan spre

226 *True liberty given by Christ.*
 John viii. 36.

- 1 **H**ARK ! for 'tis God's own Son tha
 To life and liberty :
 Transported fall before his feet,
 Who makes the prisoners free.
- 2 The cursed bonds of sin he breaks,
 And breaks old Satan's chain ;
 Smiling, he deals those pardons round,
 Which free from endless pain.
- 3 Into the captive heart he pours
 His spirit from on high ;
 We lose the terrors of the slave,
 And Abba, Father, cry.
- 4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his gra
 The sinner's friend proclaim ;
 And call on all around to seek
 True freedom by his name.
- 5 Walk on at large, till you attain
 Your Father's house above :
 There shall you wear immortal crown
 And sing redeeming love.

227

The same.
John viii. 36.

- 1 **A**ND shall we still be slaves,
And in our fetters lie,
When summoned by a voice divine
To assert our liberty ?
- 2 Did the great Saviour bleed,
Our freedom to obtain,
That we should trample on his blood,
And glory in our chain ?
- 3 Alas, the sordid mind !
How all its powers are broke !
Proud of a tyrant's haughty sway,
And practised to the yoke !
- 4 Divine Redeemer, hear,
Thy sovereign power impart,
And let thy generous Spirit wake
True ardour in our heart.
- 5 Then shall the sons of death,
That in the dungeon lie,
Spring to the throne of pardoning grace,
And Abba, Father, cry.

228

Christ the door.
John x. 9.

AWAKE, our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail ;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.*

Behold the portal wide displayed,
The buildings strong and fair ;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

* Hosea ii. 15.

- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
 For Jesus is the door ;
 Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
 Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 O may thy grace the nations lead,
 And Jews, and Gentiles come,
 All travelling thro' one beauteous gat
 To one eternal home!

229 *Abundant life by Christ our Shep.*
 John x. 10.

- 1 **P**RAISE to our Shepherd's gracious ;
 Who on so kind an errand came ;
 Came, that by him his flock might live,
 And more abundant life receive.
- 2 Hail, great Emmanuel, from above,
 High seated on thy throne of love !
 O pour the vital torrent down,
 Thy people's joy, their Lord's renown.
- 3 Scarce half alive we sigh and cry ;
 Scarce raise to thee our languid eye !
 Kind Saviour, let our dying state,
 Compassion in thy heart create.
- 4 The Shepherd's blood the sheep must !
 O may we all its influence feel !
 Till inward deep experience show
 Christ can begin a heaven below.

230 *Christ's sheep described.*
 John x. 27.

- 1 **T**HY flock, with what a tender ca
 Blest Jesus dost thou keep !
 Fain would my weak, my wandering
 Be numbered with his sheep.
- 2 Gentle, and tractable, and plain,
 My heart would ever be,
 Averse to harm, propense to help,
 And faithful still to thee.

- The gentle accents of thy voice
 My listening soul would hear ;
 And by the signals of thy will,
 I all my course would steer.
- I follow where my Shepherd leads,
 And mark the path he drew ;
 My Shepherd's feet mount Zion tread,
 And I shall reach it too.

31 *The happiness and security of Christ's
 sheep. John x. 28.*

MY soul, with joy attend,
 While Jesus silence breaks ;
 No angel's harp such music yields,
 As what my Shepherd speaks.
 " I know my sheep," he cries,
 " My soul approves them well :
 Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
 And vain the rage of hell.
 " I freely feed them now,
 With tokens of my love,
 But richer pastures I prepare,
 And sweeter streams above.
 " Unnumbered years of bliss
 I to my sheep will give ;
 And while my throne unshaken stands,
 Shall all my chosen live.
 " This tried, Almighty hand
 Is raised for their defence :
 Where is the power shall reach them there ?
 Or what shall force them thence ?"
 Enough, my gracious Lord,
 Let faith triumphant cry :
*My heart can on this promise live,
 Can on this promise die.*

232 *Christ's sheep given by the Father
guarded by Omnipotence. John x. 29, 3*

- 1 **I**N one harmonious, cheerful song,
Ye happy saints combine ;
Loud let it sound from every tongue,
The Saviour is divine.
- 2 The least, the feeblest of the sheep,
To him the Father gave ;
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,
And strong his arm to save.
- 3 In Christ the Almighty Father dwells,
And Christ and he are one ;
The rebel power which Christ assails,
Attacks th' eternal throne.
- 4 That hand which heaven and earth sustains
And bars the gates of hell,
And rivets Satan down in chains,
Shall guard his chosen well.
- 5 Now let the infernal lion roar,
How vain his threats appear !
When he can match Jehovah's power,
I will begin to fear.

233 *The attractive influence of a crucified
Saviour. John xii. 32.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high !
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne ?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn ?

JOHN.

For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died :

'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And ope'd his gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore,
In sympathy of love ;
I feel the strong, attractive power,
To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine
With cheerful ardour to confess,
The energy divine.

6 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight
To thy triumphant throne.

234 *Christ's mysterious conduct to be unfolded
hereafter. John xiii. 7.*

1 **J**ESUS, we own thy sovereign hand,
Thy faithful care we own ;
Wisdom and love are all thy ways,
When most to us unknown.

2 By thee the springs of life were formed,
And by thy breath are broke,
And good is every awful word,
Our gracious Lord hath spoke.

3 To thee we yield our comforts up,
To thee our lives resign :
In straits and dangers, rich and safe,
If we and ours are thine.

4 Thy saints in earlier life removed,
In sweeter accents sing ;
And bless the swiftness of their flight,
That bore them to their King.

1 **P**EACE, all ye sorrows of the h
And all my tears be dry ;
That Christian ne'er can be forlorn
That views his Jesus nigh.

2 " Let not your bosoms throb," he
" Nor be your souls afraid ;
Trust in your God's almighty nam
And trust your Saviour's aid.

3 " Fair mansions in my Father's ho
For all his children wait ;
And I, your elder Brother, go
To open wide the gate.

4 " And if I thither go before
A dwelling to prepare,
I surely shall return again,
That I may fix you there.

236 *The Christian's life connected with that of Christ.* John xxiv. 19.

1 **T**HE covenant of a Saviour's love
 Shall stand for ever good,
 And thus his life shall guard the souls
 He purchased with his blood.

2 "I live for ever," saith the Lord,
 "And you shall therefore live;
 Receive with pleasure every pledge
 My power and love can give."

3 We own the promise, Prince of grace;
 Though earthly helpers die;
 And animate our fainting hearts,
 While Christ our Friend is nigh.

4 The king of fears can do no more
 Than stop our mortal breath;
 But Jesus gives a nobler life,
 That cannot yield to death.

237 *Abiding in Christ necessary to our fruitfulness.* John xv. 4.

1 **L**ORD of the vineyard, we adore
 That power and grace divine,
 Which plants our wild, our barren souls
 In Christ the living vine.

2 For ever may they there abide,
 And, from that vital root,
 Be influence spread thro' every branch,
 To form and feed the fruit.

3 Shine forth, my God, the clusters warm
 With rays of sacred love;
 Till Eden's soil, and Zion's streams,
 The generous plant improve.

238 *Our prayers effectual, when we abide
Christ, and his word abideth in us. John xi*

- 1 **H**AIL, gracious Saviour, all-divine !
Mysterious, ever-living vine !
To thee united may we live,
And nourished by thine influence thrive
- 2 Still may our souls in thee abide,
Torn by no tempests from thy side ;
Nor from its place within our heart,
Thy promise or thy law depart.
- 3 Then shall our prayers accepted rise,
Through thee a grateful sacrifice ;
And all our sighs before thy throne
Descend in ample blessings down.
- 4 In silent hope our souls shall wait
Their pension from thy mercy's gate ;
Nor can our lips or hearts express
A wish proportioned to thy grace.

239 *Continuing in Christ's love.
John xv. 9.*

- 1 **T**O all his flock, what wondrous love
Doth our kind Shepherd bear !
As he to his great Father's heart,
So we to his are dear.
- 2 So sure, so constant, and so strong,
Do his endearments prove :
O may their energy prevail
To fix us in his love.
- 3 No more let my divided heart
From this blest centre turn ;
But, fired by such all-potent rays,
With flames immortal burn.

4 Descend, and all thy power display,
 And all thy love reveal ;
 That the warm streams of Jesus' blood
 This frozen heart may feel.

240 *The apostles and Christians chosen by
 Christ, to bring forth permanent fruit.*
 John xv. 16.

1 I OWN, my God, thy sovereign grace,
 And bring the praise to thee ;
 If thou my chosen portion art,
 Thou first hast chosen me.

2 My gracious Counsellor and Guide
 Will hear me when I pray ;
 Nor while I urge a Saviour's name,
 Will frown my soul away.

3 Blest Jesus, animate my heart
 With beams of heavenly love,
 And teach that cold, unthankful soil
 The heavenly seed to improve.

4 In copious showers thy Spirit send
 To water all the ground ;
 So to the honour of thy name
 Shall lasting fruit be found.

241 *Peace in Christ amidst tribulations.*
 John xvi. 33.

1 HENCEFORTH let each believing heart
 From anxious sorrows cease :
 Though storms of trouble rage around,
 In Jesus we have peace.

2 His blood from wrath to come redeems,
 And his almighty grace,
 By bitterest draughts of deep distress,
 Its healing power displays.

3 Jesus our Captain, marched before,
To lead us to the fight ;
And now he reacheth out the crown,
With heavenly glories bright.

4 Lord, 'tis enough, thy voice we hear ;
That crown by faith we see :
No sorrows shall o'erwhelm our souls,
Since none divide from thee.

242 *Christ sanctifying himself, that his people
may be sanctified. John xvii. 19.*

1 **B**EHOLD the bleeding Lamb of God,
Our spotless Sacrifice !
By hands of barbarous sinners seized,
Nailed to the cross he dies.

2 Blest Jesus, whence this streaming blood ?
And whence this foul disgrace ?
Whence all these pointed thorns, that rend
Thy venerable face ?

3 " I sanctify myself," he cries,
" That thou mayest holy be ;
Come, trace my life ; come, view my death ;
And learn to copy me."

4 Dear Lord, we pant for holiness,
And inbred sin we mourn :
To the bright path of thy commands
Our wandering footsteps turn.

5 Not more sincerely would we wish
To climb the heavenly hill,
Than here with all our utmost power
Thy model to fulfil.

Meditations on the Sepulchre in the garden. John xix. 41.

HE sepulchres, how thick they stand
Through all the road on either hand!
burst upon the starting sight
very garden of delight!

her the winding alleys tend;
e all the flowery borders end:
forms, that charmed the eyes before,
rance and music are no more.

in that damp and silent cell,
athers and my brethren dwell;
ath its broad and gloomy shade,
indred, and my friends are laid.

while I tread the solemn way,
aith that Saviour would survey,
deigned to sojourn in the tomb,
left behind a rich perfume.

thoughts, with ecstasy unknown,
le from his grave they view his throne,
ugh my own sepulchre can see
radise reserved for me.

*Christ ascending to his Father and God,
and ours.* John xx. 17.

N raptures let our hearts ascend,
Our heavenly seats to view,
nd grateful trace that shining path
Our rising Saviour drew.

Up to my Father, and my God,
I go," the Conqueror cries,
Up to your Father, and your God,
My brethren, lift your eyes."

- 3 And doth the Lord of glory call
Such worms his brethren dear ?
And doth he point to heaven's high throne
And show our Father there ?
- 4 And doth he teach my sinful lips
That tuneful sound, my God ?
And breathe his Spirit on my heart,
To shed his grace abroad ?
- 5 O world produce a good like this,
And thou shalt have my love ;
Till then, my Father claims it all,
And Christ who dwells above.
- 6 Dear Jesus, call this willing soul,
That struggles with its clay,
And fain would leave this weary load
To wing its airy way.

245 *The disciples' joy at Christ's appeal to them, after his resurrection. John xi. 1*

- 1 **C**OME, our indulgent Saviour, come,
Illustrious Conqueror o'er the tomb
Here thine assembled servants bless,
And fill our hearts with sacred peace.
- 2 O come thyself, most gracious Lord,
With all the joy thy smiles afford ;
Reveal the lustre of thy face,
And make us feel thy vital grace.
- 3 With rapture kneeling round, we greet
Thy pierced hands, thy wounded feet ;
And from the scar that marks thy side,
We see our life's warm torrent glide.
- 4 Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest ;
Enter thou ever-honoured Guest,
Not for one transient hour alone,
But there to fix thy lasting throne.

wn this mean dwelling as thy home ;
 nd, when our life's last hour is come,
 t us but die as in thy sight,
 nd death shall vanish in delight.

*Appeal to Christ for the sincerity of love
 to him. John xxi. 15.*

O not I love thee, O my Lord ?
 Behold my heart, and see ;
 nd turn each cursed idol out,
 That dares to rival thee.

O not I love thee from my soul ?
 Then let me nothing love ;
 ad be my heart to every joy,
 When Jesus cannot move.

O not thy name melodious still
 To mine attentive ear ?
 th not each pulse with pleasure bound
 My Saviour's voice to hear ?

Wast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
 I would disdain to feed ?
 wast thou a foe, before whose face
 I fear thy cause to plead.

Could not my ardent spirit vie*
 With angels round the throne,
 o execute thy sacred will,
 And make thy glory known !

Could not my heart pour forth its blood
 In honour of thy name ?
 nd challenge the cold hand of death
 To damp the immortal flame.

* Endeavour to equal.

7 Thou know'st I-love thee dearest Lord:
 But O! I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more.

247 *Zeal for the cause of Christ; or Peter and John following their Master. John xxi. 18-20.**

1 **B**LEST men who stretch their willing hands,
 Submissive to their Lord's commands,
 And yield their liberty and breath
 To him that loved their souls in death.

2 Lead me to suffer, and to die,
 If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh:
 One smile from thee my heart shall fire,
 And teach me smiling to expire.

3 If nature at the trial shake,
 And from the cross or flames draw back,
 Grace can its feeble courage raise,
 And turn its tremblings into praise.

4 While scarce I dare, with Peter, say,
 "I'll boldly tread the bleeding way;"
 Yet, in thy steps, like John, I'd move
 With humble hope, and silent love.

248 *Christ exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.*
 Acts v. 31.

1 **E**XALTED Prince of life, we own
 The royal honours of thy throne:
 'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand,
 And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
 The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;
 Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
 And temper majesty divine.

* See Family Expositor in loc.

Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
 Till all thine enemies obey:
 Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
 And conquer millions by its love.
 Mighty to vanquish and forgive!
 Thine Israel shall repent and live:
 And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
 Which works their life who wrought thy death.

9 *The believer committing his departing spirit to Jesus. Acts vii. 59.*

THOU that hast redemption wrought,
 Patron of souls thy blood hath bought,
 O thee our spirits we commit,
 Mighty to rescue from the pit.
 Millions of blissful souls above,
 In realms of purity and love,
 With songs of endless praise proclaim
 The honours of thy faithful name.
 When all the powers of nature failed,
 Thy ever constant care prevailed;
 Courage and joy thy friendship spoke,
 When every mortal bond was broke.
 Be on that friendship, Lord, repose,
 Be healing balm of all our woes;
 And we, when sinking in the grave,
 Trust thine Omnipotence to save.
 May our spirits by thy hand
 Be gathered to that happy band,
 Who, midst the blessings of thy reign,
 Lose all remembrance of their pain.
 In raptures there divinely sweet,
 Give us our kindred souls to meet,
 And wait with them that brighter day,
 Which all thy triumph shall display.

250

Peter's admonition, &c.

Acts viii. 21—24.

- 1 **S**EARCHER of hearts, before thy face
 I all my soul display ;
 And conscious of its innate arts,
 Entreat thy strict survey.
- 2 If lurking in its inmost folds
 I any sin conceal,
 O let a ray of light divine
 The secret guile reveal.
- 3 If tintured with that odious gall,
 Unknowing I remain,
 Let grace, like a pure silver stream,
 Wash out the accursed stain.
- 4 If in these fatal fetters bound
 A wretched slave I lie.
 Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
 To light and liberty.
- 5 To humble penitence and prayer
 Be gentle pity given ;
 Speak ample pardon to my heart,
 And seal its claim to heaven.

251

The descent of the Spirit, &c.

Acts x. 44.

- 1 **G**REAT Father of each perfect gift
 Behold thy servants wait ;
 With longing eyes, and lifted hands,
 We flock around thy gate.
- 2 O shed abroad that royal gift,
 Thy Spirit from above,
 To bless our eyes with sacred light,
 And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 With speedy flight may he descend,
 And solid comfort bring,
 And o'er our languid souls extend
 His all-reviving wing.

! Blest earnest of eternal joy,
 Declare our sins forgiven;
 And bear with energy divine
 Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

! Diffuse, O God, these copious showers,
 That earth its fruit may yield,
 And change this barren wilderness
 To Carmel's flowery field.*

2 *The word of salvation sent to us.*
 Acts xiii. 26.

AND why do our admiring eyes
 These gospel glories see?
 And whence doth every heart reply,
 Salvation sent to me?

In fatal shades of midnight gloom
 Ten thousand wretches stray;
 And Satan blinds ten thousand more
 Amidst the blaze of day.

Millions of raging souls beneath,
 In endless anguish hear,
 Harmonious sounds of grace transformed
 To echoes of despair.

And dost thou, Lord, subdue my heart,
 And show my sins forgiven,
 And bear thy witness to my part
 Among the heirs of heaven?

As the redeemed of the Lord,
 We sing the Saviour's name;
 And while the long salvation lasts,
 Its sovereign grace proclaim.

* Isaiah xxxv. 1, 2.

253

The unknown God.

Acts xvii. 23.

- 1 **T**HOU, mighty Lord, art God alone,
 A King of majesty unknown ;
 And all thy dazzling glories rise
 Beyond the reach of angels' eyes.
- 2 Yet through this earth thy works proclaim
 Some notice of thy reverend name ;
 And where thy gracious gospel shines,
 We read it in the fairest lines.
- 3 But, O ! how few of Adam's race
 Have learned thy nature and thy ways !
 While thousands, e'en in lands of light,
 Are buried in Egyptian night.
- 4 They tread thy courts, thy word they hear
 And to thy solemn rites draw near :
 Yet, though salvation seems so nigh,
 Because they know not God, they die.
- 5 Send thy victorious gospel forth,
 Wide from these regions of the north ;
 And through thy churches grace impart
 To write thy name on every heart.

254 *God's command to all men to repent.*

Acts xvii. 30.

- 1 **R**EPENT, the voice celestial cries,
 No longer dare delay ;
 The wretch that scorns the mandate, dies
 And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
 His heralds are despatched abroad
 To warn the world of sin.
- 3 The summons reach through all the earth
 Let earth attend, and fear :
 Listen, ye men of royal birth,
 And let their vassals hear.

ACTS.

4 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess ;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with the grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar :
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days !
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

255 *Paul's solicitude to finish his course*
joy. Acts xx. 24.

1 ASSIST us, Lord, thy name to praise
For this rich gospel of thy grace ;
And, that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital power.

2 With joy may we our course pursue,
And keep the crown of life in view ;
That crown which in one hour repays
The labour of ten thousand days.

3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way,
Unmoved their terrors we'll survey ;
And the last hour improve for thee,
The last of life, or liberty.

4 Welcome those bonds which may unite
Our souls to their supreme delight !
Welcome that death, whose painful strife
Bears us to Christ our better life!

256 *Paul preaching, and Felix trembling.*
Acts xxiv. 25.

- 1 **G**REAT Sovereign of the human heart,
Thy mighty energy impart,
Which darts at once through breasts of steel,
And makes the nether millstone* feel.
- 2 Let sinners tremble at thy word,
Struck by the terrors of the Lord ;
And, while they tremble, let them flee,
And seek their help, their life from thee.
- 3 O let them seize the present day,
Nor risk salvation by delay ;
To morrow, Lord, to thee belongs ;
This night may vindicate thy wrongs.
- 4 This night may stop their fleeting breath,
And seal them to eternal death ;
May veil redemption from their sight,
And give them flames instead of light.
- 5 Or should succeeding years remain,
Years, with their sabbaths, all in vain,
Before their darkened eyes may roll,
And more obdurate leave the soul.
- 6 Great Saviour, let thy pity rise,
And make the wretched triflers wise ;
Lest pangs and tremblings felt in vain.
Hasten and feed immortal pain.

257 *Help obtained of God.*
Acts xxvi. 22.

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported, still we stand ;
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
That mercy crowns it till its close.

* The hardset hearts, Job xli. 24.

- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts, the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest :
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

258 *Treasuring up wrath by despising mercy.*
Rom. ii. 4, 5.

- 1 **U**NGRATEFUL sinners, whence this scorn
Of long extended grace ?
And whence this madness that insults
The Almighty to his face ?
- 2 Is it because his patience waits,
And pitying bowels move,
You multiply audacious crimes,
And spurn his richest love ?
- 3 Is all the treasured wrath so small,
You labour still for more,
Though not eternal rolling years
Can e'er exhaust the store ?
- 4 Swift doth the day of vengeance come,
That must your sentence seal ;
And righteous judgment now unknown,
In all its pomp reveal.

- 5 Alarmed and melted at thy voice,
Our conquered hearts would bow ;
And to escape the Thunderer then,
Embrace the Saviour now.

259 *The love of God shed abroad in the heart
by the Spirit. Rom. v. 5.*

- 1 **D**ESCEND, immortal Dove ;
Spread thy kind wings abroad ;
And, wrapt in flames of holy love,
Bear all my soul to God.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord, reveal
In charms of grace divine,
And be thyself the sacred seal,
That pearl of price is mine.
- 3 Behold my heart expands
To catch the heavenly fire :
It longs to feel the gentle bands,
And groans with strong desire.
- 4 Thy love, my God, appears,
And brings salvation down,
My cordial through this vale of tears,
In Paradise my crown.

260 *Christians quickened and raised by the
Spirit. Rom. viii. 11.*

- 1 **W**HY should our mourning thoughts deli-
To grovel in the dust ?
Or why should streams of tears unite
Around the expiring just ?
- 2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,
And triumph o'er the grave ?
*Did not our Lord ascend on high,
And prove his power to save ?*

1 not the sacred Spirit come,
 and dwell in all the saints ?
 should the temples of his grace
 resound with long complaints ?
 ke, my soul, and like the sun
 arst through each sable cloud ;
 thou, my voice, though broke with sighs,
 me forth thy songs aloud.

Spirit raised my Saviour up,
 hen he had bled for me ;
 spite of death and hell shall raise
 y pious friends and thee.

ke, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
 our hymns of victory sing ;
 let his dying servants trust
 heir ever-living King.

*God's readiness to give all things, argued
 from the gift of his Son. Rom. viii. 32.*

OW let my soul with transport rise,
 And range thro' earth, and mount the skies,
 view each various form of good,
 ere angels hold their high abode.

e my thoughts unbounded scope ;
 equal pinions soars my hope ;
 faith at noblest objects aims,
 what she sees, she humbly claims.

1 not the bounteous King of heaven,
 n his embrace already given
 : Son of his eternal love,
 o filled the brightest throne above ?
 old his hand on Jesus laid !
 old that Lamb a victim made !
 what shall mercy hold too good
 inners ransomed with his blood ?

- 5 My soul, with heavenly faith embrace
 The sacred covenant of his grace;
 Then in delightful silence wait
 The issues of a love so great.

262 *Believing with the heart, and confessing with the mouth, necessary to salvation. Rom. x. 8-11*

- 1 **A**ND is salvation brought so near,
 Where sinful men expiring lie;
 Triumph, my soul, the sound to hear,
 And shout it joyous to the sky.
- 2 I ask not who to heaven shall scale,
 That Christ the Saviour thence may come;
 Or who earth's inmost depths assail,
 To bring him from the dreary tomb.
- 3 From heaven on wings of love he flew,
 And Conqueror from the tomb he sprung;
 My heart believes the witness true,
 And dictates to my faithful tongue.
- 4 I sing salvation brought so near,
 No more on earth expiring lie;
 I teach the world my joys to hear,
 And shout them to the echoing sky.

263 *The living sacrifice.*
 Rom. xii. 1.

- 1 **A**ND will th' eternal King,
 So mean a gift reward?
 That offering, Lord, with joy we bring,
 Which thy own hand prepared.
- 2 We own thy various claim,
 And to thine altar move,
 The willing victims of thy grace,
 And bound with cords of love.
- 3 Descend, celestial fire,
 The sacrifice inflame;
 So shall a grateful odour rise
 Through our Redeemer's name.

64 *The near approach of salvation an engagement to diligence and love. Rom. xiii. 11.*

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
 And raise your voices high ;
 Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
 That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies,
 Each moment brings it near ;
 Then welcome each declining day !
 Welcome each closing year !

Not many years their rounds shall run,
 Nor many mornings rise,
 Ere all its glories stand revealed
 To our admiring eyes.

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course :
 Ye mortal powers, decay ;
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,
 Ye bring eternal day.

65 *The God of peace bruising Satan. Rom. xvi. 20.*

1 **Y**E armies of the living God,
 In his all-conquering name,
 Lift up your banners, and aloud
 Your Leader's grace proclaim.

2 What though the prince of hell invade
 With showers of fiery darts,
 And join to the fierce lion's roar,
 The serpent's wily arts.

3 Jesus, who leads his hosts to war,
 Shall tread the monster down,
 And every faithful soldier share
 The triumph and the crown.

- 4 So Israel on the haughty necks
 Of Canaan's tyrants trod,
 And sung their Joshua's conquering sword,
 And sung their faithful God.*

266 *Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. 1 Cor. v. 30, 31.*

- 1 **M**Y God, assist me while I raise
 An anthem of harmonious praise ;
 My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
 And spread its banners in thy name.
- 2 In Christ I view a store divine :
 My Father, all that store is thine ;
 By thee prepared, by thee bestowed ;
 Hail to the Saviour, and the God !
- 3 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,
 " Let there be light," the Almighty said ;
 And Christ, my Son, his beams displays,
 And scatters round celestial rays.
- 4 Condemned, thy criminal I stood,
 And awful justice asked my blood ;
 That welcome Saviour from thy throne,
 Brought righteousness and pardon down.
- 5 My soul was all o'erspread with sin,
 And lo, his grace hath made me clean :
 He rescues from the infernal foe,
 And full redemption will bestow.
- 6 Ye saints! assist my grateful tongue :
 Ye angels, warble back my song ;
 For love like this demands the praise
 Of heavenly harps, and endless days.

* Joshua x. 24.

267 *Being joined to Christ, and one Spirit with him. 1 Cor. vi. 17.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, I am thine,
By everlasting bands ;
My name, my heart, I would resign,
My soul is in thy hands.
- 2 To thee I still would cleave
With ever growing zeal :
Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.
- 3 His Spirit shall unite
My soul to him, my head ;
Shall form me to his image bright,
And teach his path to tread.
- 4 Death may my soul divide
From this abode of clay ;
But love shall keep me near his side
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
What should remain to fear ?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

268 *The transitory nature of the world, an argument for Christian moderation.*

1 Cor. vii. 29—31.

SPRING up, my soul, with ardent flight,
Nor let this earth delude thy sight
With glittering trifles gay and vain :
Wisdom divine directs thy view
To objects ever grand and new,
And faith displays the shining train.

8 Praise to his rich, mysterious grace !
 Even by our fall we rise ;
 And gain for earthly Eden lost,
 A heavenly Paradise.

271 *Ministers comforted, that they may comfort others. 2 Cor. 1. 4.*

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of comfort, and of love,
 Thy streams, how free they flow !
 First water all the world above,
 Then visit us below !
- 2 From Christ the head, what grace descends
 To cherish every part !
 He shares his joys with all his friends,
 For all have shared his heart.
- 3 What though the sorrows here they feel
 Are manifold and great !
 He brings new consolation still,
 As various and as sweet.
- 4 He shows our numerous sins forgiven,
 And shows our covenant God ;
 He witnesseth our right to heaven,
 The purchase of his blood.
- 5 Though earth and hell against us join,
 In him we are secure ;
 Our diadems shall brighter shine,
 For all we now endure.
- 6 On every faithful shepherd's breast,
 Lord, send these comforts down ;
 That they may lead their flock to rest,
 Which their own souls have known.

272 *God's delivering goodness acknowledged
and trusted. 2 Cor. i. 10.*

A SONG FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

1. **P**RAISE to the Lord, whose mighty hand,
So oft revealed, hath saved our land ;
And, when united nations rose,
Hath shamed and scourged our haughtiest foes.
- 2 When mighty navies from afar
To Britain wafted floating war,
His breath dispersed them all with ease,
And sunk their terrors in the seas.*
- 3 While for our princes they prepare
In caverns deep a burning snare,
He shot from heaven a piercing ray,
And the dark treachery brought to day.†
- 4 Princes and priests again combine
New chains to forge, new snares to twine ;
Again our gracious God appears,
And breaks their chains, and cuts their snares.
- 5 Obedient winds, at his command,
Convey his hero to our land ;
The sons of Rome with terror view,
And speed their flight when none pursue.‡
- 6 Such great deliverance God hath wrought,
And down to us salvation brought ;
And still the care of guardian-heaven
Secures the bliss itself hath given.
- 7 In thee we trust, Almighty Lord,
Continued rescue to afford :
Still be thy powerful arm made bare,
For all thy servants' hopes are there.

* Referring to the defeat of the Spanish Armada, 1583.

† Gunpowder Plot.

‡ Revolution by King William, 1688.

273 *Ministers a sweet savour, whether of life or death. 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.*

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord on high,
 Who spreads his triumphs wide
 While Jesus' fragrant name
 Is breathed from every side :
 Balmy and rich
 The odours rise,
 And fill the earth,
 And reach the skies.
- 2 Ten thousand dying souls
 Its influence feel, and live ;
 Sweeter than vital air,
 The incense they receive :
 They breathe anew,
 And rise and sing
 Jesus the Lord,
 Their conquering King.
- 2 But sinners scorn the grace
 That brings salvation nigh ;
 They turn their face away,
 And faint, and fall, and die.
 So sad a doom,
 Ye saints, deplore,
 For, O ! they fall
 To rise no more !
- 4 Yet, wise and mighty God,
 Shall all thy servants be,
 In those, who live or die,
 A savour sweet to thee :
 Supremely bright
 Thy grace shall shine,
 Guarded with flames
 Of wrath divine.

God shining into the heart.

2 Cor. iv. 6.

SE to the Lord of boundless might,
 th uncreated glories bright !
 sence gilds the worlds above ;
 hanging Source of light and love.

ng earth his eye beheld,
 a substantial darkness veiled ;
 peless chaos, nature's womb,
 ied in eternal gloom.*

ere be light," Jehovah said,
 at o'er-all its face was spread ;
 arrayed in charms unknown,
 h its new-born lustre shone.

the mind, when lost it lies
 s of ignorance and vice ;
 ts from heaven a vivid† ray,
 nges midnight into day.

ighty God, with vigour shine,
 benighted heart of mine ;
 thy glories stand revealed,
 e Saviour's face beheld.

, revived by heaven-born day,
 iant image shall display ;
 ll my faculties unite
 e the Lord, who gives me light.

ie gospel treasure in earthen vessels.

2 Cor. iv. 7.

' rich thy bounty, King of kings !
 y favours how divine !
 sings which thy gospel brings,
 plendidly they shine !

s i. 2, 3.

† Lively, sprightly.

- 2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys,
Should gold and gems compare ;
How mean, when set against those toys
Thy poorest servants share.
- 3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodged in urns* of clay ;
And the weak sons of mortal race
The immortal gifts convey.
- 4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth ;
Yet grace the victory gives :
Quickly they moulder back to earth ;
Yet still thy gospel lives.
- 5 Such wonders power divine effects ;
Such trophies God can raise ;
His hand from crumbling dust erects
Long monuments of praise.†

276 *Living to him, who died for us.*
2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

- 1 **M**Y Lord, didst thou endure such smart
My life, when forfeited, to save ?
And didst thou bear upon thy heart
My name, when rising from the dead.
- 2 Am I in thy remembrance still,
Midst all the glories of thy throne ?
To form thy servant to thy will,
And fix my dwelling near thy own ?
- 3 What can a feeble worm repay
For love so infinite as thine ?
The torrent bears my soul away,
The impetuous stream of grace divine.

* Vessels, or jars.

† Monuments or tokens of victory.

‡ Referring to the emphasis of the original which bears us a way like a strong torrent.

To thee, my Lord, it bears me on,
 Self shall be deified* no more ;
 By self betrayed, by self undone,
 I live by thy recovering power.

Accept a soul so dearly bought ;
 Bought by thy life upon the tree ;
 A soul which by thy Spirit taught,
 Knows no delight but serving thee.

17 *God the author of consolation.*
 2 Cor. vii. 6.

THE Lord, how rich his comforts are !
 How wide they spread ! how high they rise !
 He pours in balm to bleeding hearts,
 And wipes the tears from flowing eyes.

I have no hope," my spirit cried,
 Just trembling on the brink of hell ;
 I am thy hope," the Lord replied,
 My love secures its favourites well."

My grateful soul shall speak its praise,
 Who turns its tremblings into songs ;
 And those that mourn shall learn from me,
 Salvation to our God belongs.

8 *Satan's strong holds cast down by the
 gospel.* 2 Cor. x. 4, 5.

WITHOUT, for the battlements are fallen,
 Which heaven itself defied !
 The aspiring towers, dismantled † all,
 Now spread their ruins wide !

By wondrous trumpets, Prince of Peace,
 Sent forth their mighty sound ;
 The strength of Jericho was struck,
 And tottered to the ground. †

Made a God of. † Demolished, broken down.

‡ Joshua iv. 20.

- 3 No more proud reasonings shall dispute
 What truth divine declares ;
 No more self-righteousness to plead
 Its own perfections dares.
- 4 No strength our ruined powers can boast
 Thy precepts to fulfil ;
 No liberty we ask or wish
 For our rebellious will.
- 5 The gates we open to admit
 The Saviour's gentle sway ;
 Blest Jesus, 'tis thy right to reign,
 Our pleasure to obey.
- 6 Each thought in sweet subjection held,
 Thy sovereign power shall own ;
 And every traitor shall be slain,
 That dares dispute the throne.

279

The Christian farewell.

2 Cor. xiii. 11.

- 1 **T**HY presence everlasting God,
 Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad ;
 Thy watchful eyes which cannot sleep,
 In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
 Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
 When absent, happy if we share
 Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,
 And seek our comforts near thy feet ;
 Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
 And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us in thy beloved house
 Again to pay our grateful vows ;
 Or if that joy no more be known,
 Give us to meet around thy throne.

*Living, while in the flesh, by faith in Christ,
who loved us, &c. Gal. ii. 20.*

MY Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
Its Saviour and its God.

By hourly faith in thee I live,
Midst all my griefs and snares ;
And death, encountered in thy sight,
No form of horror wears.

'es, thou hast loved this sinful worm,
Hast given thyself for me ;
Hast bought me from eternal death,
Nailed to the bloody tree.

On thy dear cross I fix mine eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat ;
Still love dissolves my inmost soul
At its Redeemer's feet.

Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms ;
Be dead to every sin ;
And tell the boldest foes without,
That Jesus reigns within.

By life with his connected stands,
Nor asks a surer ground ;
He keeps me in his gracious arms,
Where heaven itself is found.

*A filial temper, the work of the Spirit,
and a proof of adoption. Gal. iv. 6.*

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim ;
While a worm would raise its head,
To stain a Father's name.

- 2 My Father, God, how sweet the sound!
 How tender and how dear!
 Not all the melody of heaven
 Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
 On mine expanding heart;
 And show that in Jehovah's grace
 I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
 Unwavering I believe:
 Thou know'st I Abba, Father, cry,
 Nor can the sign deceive.
- 5 On wings of everlasting love
 The Comforter is come;
 All terrors at his voice disperse,
 And endless pleasures bloom.

282

Christian Sympathy.

Gal. vi. 2.

- 1 **H**AIL, everlasting Prince of Peace!
 Hail, Governor divine!
 How gracious is thy sceptre's sway?
 What gentle laws are thine!
- 2 His tender heart with love o'erflowed,
 Love spoke in every breath;
 Vigorous it reigned through all his life
 And triumphed in his death.
- 3 All these united charms he shows,
 Our frozen souls to move;
 This proof of love to him demands
 That we each other love.
- 4 O be the sacred law fulfilled
 In every act and thought;
 Each angry passion far removed,
 Each selfish view forgot.

Be thou, my heart, dilated wide,
 By thy Redeemer's grace ;
 And in one grasp of fervent love,
 All earth and heaven embrace,

3 *Blessing God for spiritual blessings in
 Christ.*

Ephesians i. 3.

1 **L** OUD be thy name adored,
 Thy titles spread abroad,
 Of Christ, our glorious Lord,
 The Father and the God.

Through such a Son
 Thy church's Head,
 Thine honours spread
 O'er worlds unknown.

2 Ten thousand gifts of love
 From thee through him descend ;
 And bear our souls above
 To joys that never end :

To heaven they soar,
 Sustained by God ;
 And through the road
 His arm adore.

3 Ten thousand songs of praise
 Shall by the Saviour rise,
 And through eternal days
 Shall echo round the skies.

New shouts we'll give,
 And loud proclaim
 The honoured name,
 By which we live.

284 *The grand scheme of the gospel.*

Eph. i. 9.

- 1 **WE** sing the deep, mysterious plan,
Which God devised, ere time began ;
At length disclosed in all its light :
We bless the wondrous birth of love,
Which beams around us from above,
With grace so free, and hopes so bright -
- 2 Here has the wise, eternal mind
In Christ, their common Head, conjoined
Gentiles and Jews, and earth and heaven ;
'Through him from the great Father's throne
Rivers of bliss come rolling down,
And endless peace and life are given.
- 3 No more the awful cherubs guard
The tree of life with flaming sword.
To drive afar man's trembling race ;
At Salem's pearly gates they stand,
And smiling wait (a friendly band !)
To welcome strangers to the place.
- 4 While we expect that glorious sight,
Love shall our hearts with theirs unite,
And ardent hope our bosoms raise :
From earth's dark vale, and tongues of clay,
To these resplendent realms of day,
We'll try to send the sounding praise,

285 *The heavenly inheritance made known by
the Spirit. Eph. i. 18.*

- 1 **COME**, thou celestial Spirit, come,
And call my roving passions home ;
To mine enlightened eyes display
The heritage of heavenly day.
- 2 My God, that heritage is thine :
How rich, how glorious, how divine !
How far above all mortal things,
The little pride of courts and kings !

Of endless joy the unbounded store,
 Why is its lustre known no more?
 Away, ye mists of envious night,
 That veil salvation from my sight!

Shine forth, Almighty Saviour, shine;
 Show the bright world, and show it mine:
 Then paradise on earth shall spring,
 And mortal worms like angels sing.

6 *Salvation by grace.*
 Eph. ii. 5.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to my ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man,
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my wandering feet
 To tread the heavenly road,
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

Grace all the works shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

7 *Christians risen and exalted with Christ to
 heavenly places.* Eph. ii. 5, 6.

STUPENDOUS grace! and can it be
 Designed for rebels such as we!
 O let our ardent praises rise,
 High as our hopes beyond the skies!

- 2 This flesh, by righteous vengeance slain,
Might ever in the dust remain ;
These guilty spirits sent to dwell
Midst all the flames and fiends* of hell.
- 3 But, lo ! incarnate love descends ;
Down to the sepulchre it bends ;
Rising, it tears the bars away,
And springs to its own native day.
- 4 Then was our sepulchre unbarred ;
Then was our path to glory cleared ;
Then, if that Saviour be our own,
Did we ascend a heavenly throne.
- 5 A moment shall our joy complete,
And fix us in that shining seat,
Bought by the pangs our Lord endured,
And by unchanging truth secured.
- 6 O may that love, in strains sublime,
Be sung to the last hour of time !
And let eternity confess,
Through all its rounds, the matchless grace.

288 *Nearness to God through Christ,*
Eph. ii. 13.

- 1 **A**ND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood ?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood ?
- 2 O for a song of ardent praise
To bear our souls above !
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love ?
- 3 Draw us, O Lord, with quickening grace,
And bring us yet more near ;
Here may we see thy glories shine,
And taste thy mercies here.

* Evil spirits.

That love which spreads thy board,
 Se us for the feast;
 Behold a smiling God
 In Jesus' bleeding breast.

With the view, our souls shall rise
 To a scene as this,
 At the happy moment near,
 Shall complete our bliss.

*the institution of a gospel ministry from
 Christ. Eph. iv. 11, 12.*

ORDINATION, OR SETTLEMENT OF A
 MINISTER.

WATER of mercies, in thy house
 Laid on our homage, and our vows;
 With a grateful heart we share
 The edges of our Saviour's care.

Our, when to heaven he rose,
 Did triumph o'er his foes,
 And his gifts on men below,
 And his royal bounties flow.

Whung the apostles' honoured name,
 Beyond heroic fame;
 States the prophetic sage;
 And the evangelic page.

For forms, to bless our eyes,
 From hence, and teachers rise;
 Though with feebler rays they shine,
 In a long extended line.

Whom their varied gifts derive,
 By Christ their graces live:
 Guarded by his potent hand,
 The rage of hell they stand.

- 6 So shall the bright succession run,
Through the last courses of the sun ;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 7 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring, whence all these blessings flow
Pastors and people shout his praise
Through the long round of endless days.

290 *Christ the Head of the Church.*
Eph. iv. 15, 16.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thy own ;
Gives me among thy saints a place,
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive :
From thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord ;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.
- 4 O may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight ;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face ;
Nor shall a wrinkle, or a spot,
Its beauteous form disgrace.

91 *Love to others urged from Christ's love,
in giving himself a sacrifice. Eph. v. 2.*

NOW be that sacrifice surveyed,
That ransom which the Saviour paid ;
That sight familiar to my view,
Yet always wondrous, always new.

The Lamb of God, that groaned and bled,
And gently bowed his dying head ;
While love to sinners fired his heart,
And conquered all the killing smart.

Blest Jesus, while thy grace I sing,
What grateful tribute shall I bring,
That earth and heaven, and thou may'st see
My love to him, who died for me.

That offering, Lord, thy word hath taught,
Nor be thy new command forgot,
That, if their Master's death can move,
Thy servants should each other love.

When to thy sacred cross we fly,
There let each savage passion die ;
While the warm streams of blood divine
Melt our cold hearts to love like thine.

92 *The wisdom of redeeming time.
Eph. v. 15, 16.*

GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant time his being draw :
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

Silent and slow they glide away,
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wild sea,
The boundless gulf, from whence it rose.

- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men,
 Before the rapid stream are borne
 On to that everlasting home,
 Where not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet while the shore on either side
 Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
 We gaze in fond amusement lost,
 Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
 To know the price of every hour ;
 That time may bear me on to joys
 Beyond its measure, and its power.

293 *Christ's love to the church, in giving himself for it, &c. Eph. v. 25—27.*

- 1 **B**RIDEGROOM of souls, how rich thy lot
 How generous, how divine !
 Our inmost hearts it well may move,
 While thus our voices join.
- 2 Deformed and wretched once we lay,
 Worthy thy hate and scorn ;
 Yet love like thine could find a way
 To rescue and adorn.
- 3 Thou art our ransom ; from thy veins
 A wondrous fountain flows,
 To wash thy bride from all her stains,
 And heal our deepest woes.
- 4 Transformed by thee, e'en here below,
 Thy church is bright and fair :
 But, O ! how glorious shall she show,
 When Jesus shall appear !
- 5 Thine eye shall all her form survey
 With infinite delight,
 Confessed in that illustrious day,
 Unblemished in thy sight.

94 *Christ's service the fruit of our labours on earth. Phil. i. 22.*

1 **M**Y gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay ;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end ?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live ;
To him, who for my ransom died ;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more ;
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

95 *The happiness of departing, and being with Christ. Phil. i. 33.*

WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

Where Jesus dwells my soul would be ;
It faints my much loved Lord to see :
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

- 2 Once we were fallen, and, O how low !
 Just on the brink of endless woe :
 Doomed to a heritage in hell,
 Where sinners all in darkness dwell.
- 3 But, lo ! a ray of cheerful light
 Scatters the horrid shades of night !
 Lo ! what triumphant grace is shown
 To souls impoverished and undone.
- 4 Far, far beyond these mortal shores,
 A bright inheritance is ours ;
 Where saints in light our coming wait,
 To share their holy, blissful state.
- 5 If ready dressed for heaven we shine,
 Thine are the robes, the crown is thine :
 May endless years their course prolong,
 While " thine the praise," is all our song.

299 *Angels and Christians united in Christ,
 as their common Head. Col. ii. 10.*

- 1 **H**AIL to Emmanuel's ever honoured nam^e
 Spread it, ye-angels, through heaven
 sacred flame,
 Ye sceptered cherubim, before his throne,
 And flaming seraphim, bow humbly down :
 He is your Head, with prostrate awe adore hi
 And lay with joy your radiant crowns before hi
- 2 Arrayed in his refulgent beams ye shine,
 And draw existence* from his source divine
 Grateful ye wait the signal of his hand,
 Honoured too highly by his least command ;
*In him the indwelling Deity admiring,
 And to his brighter image still aspiring.*

* Being, or life.

Mortals with you in cheerful homage join,
 And bring their anthems to Emmanuel's shrine;
 Mean as we are, with sins and griefs beset,
 We glory that in him we are complete.
 He is our Head, and we with you adore him,
 And pour our wants, our joys, our hearts before
 him.

We sing the blood that ransomed us from hell;
 We sing the graces that in Jesus dwell;
 Led by his Spirit, guarded by his hand,
 Our hopes anticipate your goodly land:
 Till his incarnate Deity admiring,
 And with heaven's hierarchy* in praise conspiring.

100 *Christians, as risen with Christ, exhorted
 to seek things above. Col. iii. 1.*

1 **H**EARKEN, ye children of your God;
 Ye heirs of glory, hear;
 For accents so divine as these
 Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptized into your Saviour's death,
 Your souls to sin must die;
 With Christ our Lord ye live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high.

3 There at his Father's hand he sits,
 Enthroned divinely fair;
 Yet owns himself your Brother still,
 And your Forerunner there.

4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
 On wings of faith and love;
 Jesus, your choicest treasure lies,
 And be your hearts above.

* The several orders of angels.

- 5 But earth and sin will drag us down,
 When we attempt to fly ?
 Lord, send thy strong attractive force
 To raise and fix us high.

301 *The prosperity of the church, the li
 a faithful minister. 1 Thes. iii. 8.*

- 1 **B**LEST Jesus, bow thine ear,
 While we entreat thy love ;
 O come, and all our hearts possess,
 And our best passions move.
- 2 May we stand fast in thee,
 Though storms and tempests beat ;
 And in thy guardian arms obtain
 A calm and safe retreat.
- 3 Still be thy truth maintained,
 And still thy word obeyed,
 And to the merits of thy blood
 A constant homage paid.
- 4 So shall thy shepherds live,
 And raise their cheerful head,
 And, in such blessings on their flock,
 Confess their toils repaid.

302 *Comfort on the death of pious friend
 1 Thes. iv. 17, 18.*

- 1 **T**RANSPORTING tidings, which we |
 What music to the pious ear !
 Christ loves each humble saint so well,
 He with his Lord shall ever dwell.
- 2 Blest Jesus, Source of every grace,
 From far to view thy smiling face,
 While absent thus by faith we live,
 Exceeds all joys that earth can give.

O ! what ecstasy unknown
 the wide circle round thy throne,
 ere every rapturous hour appears
 longer than millions of our years !

Legions by millions multiplied
 shall ne'er thy saints from thee divide ;
 the bright legions live and praise
 through all thy own immortal days.

Happy dead, in thee that sleep,
 while o'er their mouldering dust we weep !
 faithful Saviour, who shall come
 to dust to ransom from the tomb !

Let thine unerring word impart
 such a cordial to our hearts,
 though tears our triumphs shall be shown,
 though round their graves, and near our own.

*Christ glorified and admired in his saints
 at the great day. 2 Thes. i. 10.*

Let heavens, with sound of triumph ring ;
 Ye angels, burst into a song ;
 As descends, victorious King,
 He leads his shining train along.

Saints, that sleep in dust, arise ;
 Joy reanimate your clay ;
 Sing to your Saviour through the skies,
 Around his throne your homage pay.

And let the sons of heaven draw nigh,
 Tell to the astonished hosts you tell,
 How feeble mortals rose so high
 From graves and worms, from sin and hell.

Let them, in accents like their own,
 Say what an incarnate God could do ;
 Let them point to Jesus on the throne,
 And boast that Jesus died for you.

- 5 Transported, they no more can hear ;
 Their voices catch the sacred name ;
 Harmonious to his Father's ear,
 Jesus the God, their harps proclaim.
- 6 Sin hath its dire * incursions made,
 That thou might'st prove thy power to save
 And death its ensigns wide displayed,
 That thou might'st triumph o'er the grave.

304

Christ seen of angels.

1 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 **O** YE immortal throng
 Of angels round the throne,
 Join with our feeble song
 To make the Saviour known :
 On earth ye knew
 His wondrous grace ;
 His beauteous face
 In heaven ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heaven-born Child
 In human flesh arrayed,
 Benevolent and mild,
 While in the manger laid ;
 And praise to God,
 And peace on earth,
 For such a birth,
 Proclaimed aloud.
- 3 Ye, in the wilderness,
 Beheld the tempter spoiled,
 Well known in every dress,
 In every combat foiled ;
 And joyed to crown
 The Victor's head,
 When Satan fled
 Before his frown.

* Dreadful.

4 Around the bloody tree
Ye pressed with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire ;
 And, could your eyes
 Have known a tear,
 Had dropped it there,
 In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep :
 Then rolled the stone,
 And all adored
 Your rising Lord
 With joy unknown.

6 When all arrayed in light
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hailed his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God ;
 And waved around
 Your golden wings,
 And struck your strings
 Of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise ;
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise :
 And thou, my heart,
 With equal flame,
 And joy the same,
 Perform thy part.

305 *The stability of the divine foundation, as its double inscription. 2 Tim. ii. 19.*

- 1 **T**O thee, great Architect on high,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who, to support thy sinking saints,
This firm foundation laid.
- 2 Fixed on a rock thy gospel stands,
And braves* the rage of hell ;
And while the Saviour's hand protects,
His blood cements it well.
- 3 Here will I build my final hope ;
Here rest my weary soul ;
Majestic shall the fabric † rise,
Till glory crown the whole.
- 4 Deep on my heart, all-gracious Lord,
Engrave its double seal ;
Which, while it speaks thy honoured name,
Its sacred use may tell.
- 5 Dear by a thousand tender bonds,
Thy saints to thee are known ;
And, conscious what a name they bear,
Iniquity they shun.

306 *Persecution to be expected by every true Christian. 2 Tim. iii. 12.*

- 1 **G**REAT Leader of thine Israel's host,
We shout thy conquering name ;
Legions of foes beset me round,
And legions fled with shame.
- 2 A victory glorious and complete
Thou by thy death didst gain ;
So in thy cause may we contend,
And death itself sustain.

* Defies.

† Building.

By our illustrious General fired,
 We no extremes would fear ;
 Prepared to struggle, and to bleed,
 If thou, our Lord, be near.

We'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn
 To triumph and renown ;
 Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
 May we but share thy crown.

17 *The Christian scheme of salvation worthy
 of God. Heb. ii. 10.*

IMMORTAL God, on thee we call,
 The great Original of all ;
 Through thee we are, to thee we tend,
 Our sure support, our glorious end.

We praise that wise, mysterious grace,
 That pitied our revolted race,
 And Jesus, our victorious Head,
 The Captain of salvation made.

By thine eternal love decreed,
 Should many sons to glory lead :
 And sinful worms to him are given,
 A colony to people heaven.

Jesus for us (O gracious name !)
 Encountered agony and shame :
 Jesus, the glorious and the great,
 Was by dire* sufferings made complete.

The scene of wonders here we see,
 Worthy thy Son, and worthy thee :
 And while this theme employs our tongues,
 All heaven unites its sweetest songs.

* Dreadful.

308 *Satan and death conquered by the
of Christ. Heb. ii. 14, 15.*

- 1 **S**ATAN, the dire* invader, came
Our new-made world to annoy:
And death marched dreadful in his rear,
His captives to destroy.
- 2 Caught in his snares, our father sunk;
With him his children fell;
And death his fatal shaft† prepared
To smite them down to hell.
- 3 Jesus with pitying eye beheld,
And left his starry crown;
Turned his own weapons on the foe,
And mowed his legions down.
- 4 By death the Saviour death disarmed,
That we in light may shine;
And fixed this great, mysterious law,
That dust should dust refine.
- 5 No more the pointed shaft we fear;
Nor dread the monster's boast;
No more the pious dead we mourn,
As friends for ever lost.
- 6 Their tongues, great Prince of life, shall
With our recovered breath,
And all the immortal host to ascribe
Our victory to thy death.

309 *An immediate attention to God's
required. Heb. iii. 15.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah calls,
Be every ear inclined:
May such a voice awake each heart,
And captivate the mind.

* Dreadful.

† Arrow.

- 2 If he in thunder speaks,
Earth trembles at his nod :
But gentle accents here proclaim
The condescending God.
- 3 O harden not your hearts,
But hear his voice to day ;
Lest, ere to morrow's earliest dawn,
He call your souls away.
- 4 Almighty God, pronounce
The word of conquering grace,
So shall the flint dissolve to tears,
And scorners seek thy face.

310

The eternal sabbath.

Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house :
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes :
No cares to break the long repose .
No midnight shade, no clouded sun ;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :
*Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.*

311 *Christ our forerunner, and the foundation
of our hope. Heb. vi. 19—23.*

- 1 **J**ESUS the Lord our souls adore,
A painful sufferer now no more;
High on his Father's throne he reigns,
O'er earth and heaven's extensive plains.
- 2 His race for ever is complete;
For ever undisturbed his seat;
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well-gained victory.
- 3 Yet, midst the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone;
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal, tender heart.
- 4 Raise, raise my soul, thy raptured sight
With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus, thy own forerunner, see
Entered beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,
And foaming waves to mountains swell,
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fixed its anchor here.

312 *The evil conscience purified by the blood
of Jesus. Heb. ix. 13, 14.*

- 1 **B**LEST be the Lamb, whose blood was spilt
To sprinkle conscience from its guilt;
To ease its pains, to calm its fears,
And purchase grace for future years.
- 2 Cleansed by this all-atoning blood,
We joy in free access to God,
The living God, before whose face
Sinners in vain shall seek a place.

se thee, my soul, to serve him still
 h cordial love, with active zeal:
 e him like his own Son divine,
 , made his life the price of thine.
 t Jesus, introduced by thee,
 .Father's smiling face I see ;
 , strengthened by thy grace alone,
 se grateful services are done.
 I must my debt from day to day
 w with each service that I pay ;
 rows my joy, dear Lord, to be
 s more and more in debt to thee.

faith and judgment appointed to all.

Heb. ix. 27.

AVEN has confirmed the great decree,
 'hat Adam's race must die:
 neral ruin sweeps them down,
 low in dust they lie.

ng men, the tomb survey
 re you must quickly dwell ;
 how the awful summons sounds
 very funeral knell !
 ou must die, and once for all ;
 solemn purport weigh ;
 ow, that heaven and hell are hung
 hat important day.
 eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
 ; wake the Judge to see ;
 ery word, and every thought,
 ; pass his scrutiny.
 y I in the Judge behold
 'aviour and my friend,
 beyond the reach of death,
 all his saints ascend.

314 *Christ's second appearance, &c.*
 Heb. ix. 23.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Son of God appears,
 And in his flesh our sins he bears;
 The victim at God's altar stood
 To expiate guilt by groans and blood.
- 2 But lo! a second time he comes
 To shake the earth and rend the tombs;
 These heavens before him melt away,
 And suns and stars in smoke decay.
- 3 Yet, midst this general wreck and dread,
 Ye saints, with triumph lift the head:
 With glad surprise your Saviour meet,
 Who comes to make your bliss complete.
- 4 My soul, an happiness so great,
 With pleasing expectation wait;
 And while I dwell upon the thought,
 Be earth and all its toys forgot.
- 5 My Saviour God, what grace is thine,
 Which gives a prospect so divine!
 Come, blessed day, and teach our tongues,
 How angels warble out their songs.

315 *Liberty to enter through the veil by the
 blood of Christ. Heb. x. 19—22.*

- 1 **A**PPROACH, ye children of your God;
 Favourites of heaven draw near;
 Enter the holiest with delight,
 Though his own ark be there.
- 2 Pass through the veil the Saviour's flesh,
 That new and living way;
 And majesty enshrined* in love,
 Shall gentle beams display.
- * Surrounded with, or softened by.

Jesus, with sin-atonement blood,
 The throne hath sprinkled o'er,
 His fragrant incense spreads its cloud,
 And justice flames no more.

Approach with boldness, and with joy,
 But spotless all draw near ;
 Pray for your lives from every stain,
 And every conscience clear.

Ye shall the blessings of his grace
 On all your souls distil,
 Till each a royal priest appears
 On his celestial hill.

6 *God's fidelity to his promises.*
 Heb. x. 23.

1 **T**HE promises I sing,
 Which sovereign love hath spoke ;
 Nor will th' eternal King
 His words of grace revoke :
 They stand secure,
 And steadfast still ;
 Not Zion's hill
 Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
 When once the Judge appears,
 And sun and moon decay,
 That measure mortal years ;
 But still the same,
 In radiant lines,
 The promise shines
 Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
 Through mine attentive ears,
 When thunders cleave the ground,
 And dissipate the spheres ;

Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene,
I stand serene,
Thy word my rock.

317 *The day approaching, a motive to love
and worship. Heb. x. 24, 25.*

- 1 **T**HE day approacheth, O my soul,
The great decisive day;
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.
- 2 Another day more awful dawns ;
And, lo! the Judge appears ;
Ye heavens, retire before his face,
And sink, ye darkened stars.
- 3 Yet does one short preparing hour,
One precious hour remain !
Rouse thee, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.
- 4 With me, my brethren soon must die,
And at that bar appear :
Now be our intercourse improved
To mutual comfort here.
- 5 For this thy temple, Lord, we throng ;
For this thy board surround ;
Here may our service be approved,
And in thy presence crowned.

318 *Abraham's faith in leaving his country
at divine command. Heb. xi. 8.*

- 1 **N**OW let our sons proclaim abroad
The unchanging name of Abram's God ;
In him let Abram's children boast,
Their father's ever-living Lord,
His shield, his friend, his great reward,
Who never can deceive their trust.

lled by thy voice, with joyful speed,
 : went where thou wast pleased to lead,
 Unknowing in the path he trod ;
 s land, his kindred, strove in vain
 e pious pilgrim to detain,
 Propped on the promise of his God.

at thy word the saint foregoes*
 ch tender tie, which nature knows,
 And hears no other voice but thine ;
 arches where thou shalt point the way,
 here thou shalt pitch his tent, will stay,
 And learns his Isaac to resign.

length, still faithful to thy own,
 ou call'st him to a world unknown,
 Through paths untrod by mortal feet ;
 niling, he owns thy voice in death,
 ves to the air his fleeting breath,
 And finds the road to Abram's seat.

) *The God of the Patriarchs preparing
 them a city. Heb. xi. 16.*

[AM thy God," Jehovah said
 To Abram, and his chosen seed ;
 id still the same relation owns
 each of Abram's faithful sons.

vereign of heaven, what works of love
 grand a title shall approve ?
 hat splendid gifts will God bestow,
 at all its high import may know !

st the rich flocks and herds that feed
 und Abram's tents, in Mamre's mead ;
 st Joseph's chariot; nor the throne,
 ry and gold, of Solomon.

* Breaks through.

- 4 Not Canaan's plains a lot can prove,
Proportioned to Jehovah's love ;
Not Zion's sacred mountain, where
His temple glittered like a star.
- 5 O'er Zion's mount, o'er Canaan's plains,
Oppression now, and horror reigns ;
And, where the throne of David stood,
His ruined sepulchre is viewed.
- 6 'Tis in the heaven of heavens alone
Thou makest thy wondrous friendship known ;
A city there thy hand prepares,
Fixed as thy own eternal years.
- 7 Long as they reign before thy face,
The blissful nations shall confess,
'Thy sovereign love has there bestowed
Salvation worthy of a God.

320

Moses's wise choice.

Heb. xi. 26.

- 1 **M**Y soul with all thy wakened powers
Survey the heavenly prize ;
Nor let these glittering toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.
- 2 The splendid crown, which Moses sought,
Still beams around his brow ;
Though soon great Pharaoh's sceptred pride,
Was taught by death to bow.
- 3 The joys and treasures of a day
I cheerfully resign ;
Rich in that large, immortal store,
Secured by grace divine.
- 4 Let fools my wiser choice deride,
Angels and God approve ;
Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell,
My steadfast soul shall move.

- 5 With ardent eye that bright reward
 I daily will survey ;
 And in the blooming prospect lose
 The sorrows of the way.

321 *Acting as seeing him who is invisible.*
 Heb. ix. 27.

- 1 **E**TERNAL and immortal King,
 Thy peerless* splendours none can bear,
 But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
 When God with all his lustre's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
 The great Invisible can see ;
 And with its tremblings mingle joy
 In fixed regards, great God, to thee.
- 3 Then every tempting form of sin,
 Shamed in thy presence, disappears !
 And all the glowing raptured soul
 The likeness it contemplates, wears.
- 4 O ever-conscious to my heart,
 Witness to its supreme desire,
 Behold it presseth on to thee,
 For it hath caught the heavenly fire.
- 5 This one petition would it urge
 To bear thee ever in its sight ;
 In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
 Its only portion and delight.

322 *Subjection to God, the Father of our spirits.* Heb. xii. 9.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of life and thought,
 Be all beneath thyself forgot ;
 Whilst thee, great Parent-Mind, we own
 In prostrate homage round thy throne.

* Unequaled.

- 2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey
Of thee some faint reflected ray,
They wondering, to their Father rise ;
His power how vast ! his thoughts how
- 3 Behold us as thine offspring, Lord,
And do not cast us off abhorred ;
Nor let thy hand, so long our joy,
Be raised in vengeance to destroy.
- 4 O may we live before thy face,
The willing objects of thy grace ;
And through each path of duty move
With filial awe, and filial love.

323 *The immutability of Christ.*

Heb. xiii. 8.

- 1 **W**ITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
The immortal honours of thy name ;
Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
We make his ceaseless glories known.
- 2 High on his Father's royal seat
Our Jesus shone divinely great,
Ere Adam's clay with life was warmed,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit formed.
- 3 Through all succeeding ages, he
The same hath been, the same shall be ;
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and suns wax old and fade.
- 4 The same his power his flock to guard ;
The same his bounty to reward ;
The same his faithfulness and love
To saints on earth, and saints above.
- 5 Let nature change, and sink, and die,
Jesus shall raise his chosen high,
And fix them near his stable throne,
In glories changeless as his own.

*Watching for souls, in the view of the
great account. Heb. xiii. 17.*

THE ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

Zion's watchmen all awake,
and take the alarm they give ;
let them from the mouth of God
their solemn charge receive.

Not a cause of small import
the pastor's care demands ;
that might fill an angel's heart,
filled a Saviour's hands.

Watch for souls, for which the Lord
his heavenly bliss forego ;*
souls, which must for ever live,
in raptures, or in woe.

At the great tribunal haste,
to account to render there ;
wouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear ?

Let them that Jesus, whom they preach,
their own Redeemer see ;
watch thou daily o'er their souls,
that they may watch for thee.

*The Christian perfected by divine grace,
through Christ. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.*

THE Lord of peace, and God of love,
let me own thy power to save ;
thy power, by which our Shepherd rose
glorious o'er the grave.

Triumph in that Shepherd's name,
be watchful for our good ;
brought th' eternal covenant down,
sealed it with his blood.

* Forsake, lay aside.

- 3 So may thy Spirit seal my soul,
And mould it to thy will !
That my fond heart no more may stray,
But keep thy covenant still.
- 4 Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigour on,
Till full perfection crown our hopes,
And fix us near thy throne.

326 *Christians begotten to God as the first fruits of his creatures. James i. 18.*

- 1 **N**OW to that sovereign grace,
Whence all our comforts spring
Let the whole new-begotten race
Their cheerful praises bring.
- 2 His will first made the choice ;
His word the change hath wrought ;
In him, our Father, we rejoice,
Nor be the name forgot.
- 3 Lord, may this matchless love,
Which thy own children see,
Make us from all thy creatures prove
As the first fruits to thee.
- 4 Sacred to the alone,
Be all these powers of mine,
Then in the noblest sense my own,
When most entirely thine.

327 *Looking into the perfect law of liberty and continuing in it. James i. 25.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glass the gospel lends
That men themselves may view :
How free from stain its surface is !
How polished, and how true !

- 2 Behold that wise, that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives ;
O may it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our loves.
- 3 Not with a transient glance surveyed,
And in an hour forgot,
But deep inscribed on every heart,
To reign o'er every thought.
- 4 Great Author of each perfect gift,
Thy sovereign grace display,
That these rebellious, roving powers,
May hearken and obey.
- 5 Inspired by thee, our feeble souls
Shall pass victorious on,
As the faint dawning light improves
To all the blaze of noon.

28 *James's advice to sinners.*
James iv. 7, 8.

YE sinners, bend your stubborn necks
Beneath the yoke divine ;
In low submission bow ye down
Before his sacred shrine.

In pious streams your follies mourn,
And seek his injured grace ;
And wait with broken, bleeding hearts
The openings of his face.

Resist the tempter's fierce attacks,
And he shall speed his flight ;
Draw near to God, and his embrace
Shall fold you with delight.

Ye sinners, cleanse your spotted hands
And purge your hearts from sin ;
Here fix your long divided views,
And peace shall reign within.

- 5 Blest Saviour, draw us by thy love,
 And fix us by thy power;
 When we have felt these sweet constraints,
 Our souls shall rove no more,

329 *The vanity of worldly schemes, infer
 from the uncertainty of life. James iv. 13-*

- 1 **T**O morrow, Lord, is thine,
 Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
 And if the sun arise and shine,
 It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away;
 O make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
 Eternity is hung,
 Waken by thine almighty power
 The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
 O be it still pursued;
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair
 Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
 Swift as the morning light,
 Lest life's young golden beams should die
 In sudden endless night.

330 *Rejoicing in an unseen Saviour.*

1 Pet. i. 8.

- 1 **M**INE inward joys, suppressed too long,
 Ecstatic burst into a song:
 From Christ, though now unseen, they rise
 And reach his throne beyond the skies.

2 His glories strike the wondering sight
Of all the first-born sons of light,
Beyond the seraphim they shine,
Unrivalled all, and all divine.

Yet mortal worms his friendship boast,
And make his saving name their trust ;
Jesus, my Lord, I know him well ;
He rescued me from death and hell.

This sinful heart from God estranged,
His new-creating power hath changed ;
And, mingling with each secret thought,
Maintains the work, which first it wrought.

He gives to see his Father's face ;
He gives my soul to thrive in grace ;
And brings the views of glory down,
The beamings of my heavenly crown.

Thus entertained, while here below,
Unspeakable my transports grow,
New joys in swift succession roll,
And glory fills my silent soul.

31 *The heart purified to love unfeigned by
the Spirit. 1 Pet. i. 22.*

GREAT Spirit of immortal love,
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move :
With ardour strong these breasts inflame
To all that owns a Saviour's name.

Still let the heavenly fire endure
Fervent and vigorous, true and pure :
Let every heart, and every hand,
Join in the dear fraternal band.*

* Brotherly union.

- 3 Celestial Dove, descend, and bring
The smiling blessings on thy wing;
And make us taste those sweets below
Which in the blissful mansions grow.

332 *Tasting that the Lord is gracious.*
1 Pet. ii. 3.

- 1 **Y**ES, it is sweet to taste his grace,
Who bought us with his blood;
My soul prefers the relish still
To all created good.
- 2 O how I love that vital word
Which taught me first to live!
Thirst for that uncorrupted milk,
That I may grow and thrive!
- 3 All-gracious Lord, instruct us more
Thy saving gifts to know:
And let our inmost hearts rejoice,
That thou hast loved us so.
- 4 Open thy stores with liberal hand,
That we may daily feast;
And let each dying soul around
The sweet salvation taste.

333 *Coming to Christ as a living stone.*
1 Pet. ii. 4, 5.

- 1 **W**ITH ecstasy of joy
Extol his glorious name,
Who raised the spacious earth,
And raised our ruined frame;
He built the church
Who built the sky,
Shout and exalt
His honours high.

- 2 See the foundation laid
By power and love divine ;
Jesus, his first-born Son,
How bright his glories shine !
 Low he descends,
 In dust he lies,
 That from his tomb
 A church might rise.
- 3 But he for ever lives,
Nor for himself alone ;
Each saint new life derives
From this mysterious stone ;
 His influence darts
 Through every soul,
 And in one house
 Unites the whole.
- 4 To him with joy we move ;
In him cemented stand ;
The living temple grows,
And owns the Founder's hand.
 That structure, Lord,
 Still higher raise,
 Louder to sound
 Its Builder's praise.
- 5 Descend, and shed abroad
The tokens of thy grace,
And with more radiant beams
Let glory fill the place ;
 Our joyful souls
 Shall prostrate fall,
 And own, our God
 Is all in all.

334 *Christ the Corner-Stone*

1 Pet. ii. 6. compared with Isa. x

- 1 **L**ORD, dost thou show a corn
For us to build our hopes up
That the fair edifice may rise
Sublime in light, beyond the skie
- 2 We own the work of sovereign lo
Nor death nor hell those hopes sh
Which fixed on this foundation s
Laid by thy own Almighty hand.
- 3 Thy people long this stone have
And all the powers of hell defied
Floods of temptation beat in vain
Well doth this rock the house su
- 4 When storms of wrath around pr
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and
'Tis here our trembling souls sha
And here securely they abide.
- 5 While they that scorn this precie
Fond of some quicksand of their
Borne down by weighty vengeance
And buried deep in ruin, lie.

335 *Christ precious to the belie*

1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming
'Tis music to mine ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so lo
That earth and heaven shou
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my s
My transport, and my trust
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can v
In thee doth richly meet :
Nor to mine eyes is light so d
Nor friendship half so swe

Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there ;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

Ill speak the honours of thy name
 With my last labouring breath ;
 When speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
 The antidote of death.

*Noah preserved in the ark, and the believer
 in Christ. 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.*

HE deluge, at the Almighty's call,
 In what impetuous streams it fell !
 Flung the mountains in its rage,
 Swept a guilty world to hell.

Not vain the tallest sons of pride
 From the close pursuing wave :
 Could their mightiest towers defend,
 Their swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.

How dire the wreck ! how loud the roar !
 How shrill the universal cry
 Millions in the last despair,
 Echoed from the lowering sky !

Noah, humble, happy saint,
 Surrounded with the chosen few,
 In his ark secure from fear,
 How sang the grace that steered him through.

How may I sing, in Jesus safe,
 While storms of vengeance round me fall,
 How conscious how high my hopes are fixed,
 How fond what shakes this earthly ball.
 How'er thine ark, while patience waits,
 How ever quit that sure retreat ;
 How in the wide flood, which buries earth,
 How may I waft thee to a fairer seat.

- 7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen ;
 There not a wave of trouble rolls ;
 But the bright rainbow round thy throne*
 Seals endless life to all their souls.

337 *The ungodly warned of their final appearance.* 1 Pet. iv. 18.

- 1 **B**EHOLD God's great incarnate Son
 In majesty comes flying down :
 Hark ! for his trumpet's awful sound
 Awakes the dead, and cleaves the ground.
- 2 So solemn shall the judgment be,
 And so severe the scrutiny,†
 That, by his merit tried alone,
 The saint himself would be undone.
- 3 Where then, ye sons of Belial,‡ where
 Will your astonished souls appear ?
 How will ye shun his piercing sight ?
 Or how resist his matchless might ?
- 4 Up to the pointed mountains fly,
 And gain the confines§ of the sky ;
 There shall ye meet celestial fire,
 While mountains melt before his ire.||
- 5 Call on the rending earth to save,
 And in its centre search a grave ;
 The Judge shall well discern thee there,
 And drag thee trembling to his bar.
- 6 Deck thee around with fraud and lies,
 And put on every fair disguise ;
 Soon shall thy painted form be known
 Amidst ten thousand of his own.

* Rev. iv. 3. † Examination. ‡ Rebellious w
 § Borders. || Anger.

7 Gird thee in arms, his wrath t' oppose,
 And league with millions of his foes ;
 Soon would the rebel band expire
 Like crackling thorns amidst the fire.

8 One only way may yet be found ;
 Submissive bow ye to the ground :
 His cross a refuge will afford
 From all the terrors of his sword.

38 *Humbling ourselves under God's mighty hand. 1 Pet. v. 6.*

1 **B**ENEATH thy mighty hand, O God,
 Our souls we prostrate low ;
 Shine forth with gentle radiant beams,
 That we thy name may know.

2 Thy hand this various frame produced,
 And still supports it well ;
 That hand, with justice and with ease,
 Might smite our souls to hell.

3 Conscious of meanness, and of guilt,
 We in the dust would lie ;
 Stretch forth thy condescending arm,
 And lift the humble high.

4 So in the temples of thy grace
 We'll sovereign mercy own ;
 And, when we shine above the stars,
 Extol thy grace alone.

5 The more thou raise such sinful dust,
 The lower would it fall ;
 For less than nothing, Lord, are we,
 And thou art all in all.

339

The same.

FOR A FAST DAY.

- 1 **O**UR souls with reverence, Lor
Struck by the splendours of
Humbled while in thy house we st.
Beneath thy great tremendous han
- 2 That hand, which bears the steady |
While nature's wheels unwearied ro
That hand, which gives each creatu
And fills the world with various goo
- 3 That hand, which pierced thy darling
To expiate crimes that we had done;
That hand, which scatters grace abroa
To turn thy foes to sons of God.
- 4 But, O! with what distracted rage
Have we presumed that hand to engag
And while long patience hath been she
Struggled to force thy vengeance down
- 5 Here might thy wrath begin to flame,
And vindicate thine injured name;
Till the red thunders of thy hand
Had dealt destruction round our land.
- 6 With humble hearts our God we meet:
O raise the suppliants at thy feet!
And let that glorious arm this day
Embrace the rebels it might slay.

340

God's care a remedy for ours.

1 Pet. v. 7.

- 1 **H**OW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lor
And trust his constant care."

- 2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell ;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind ?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day :
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

341 *Establishment in religion from the God
of all grace. 1 Pet. v. 10, 11.*

- 1 **H**OW rich thy favours, God of grace !
How various and divine !
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.
- 2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.
- 3 Jesus, the herald of his love,
Displays the radiant prize ;
And shows the purchase of his blood
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 He perfects what his hand begins,
And stone on stone he lays ;
Till firm and fair the building rise
A temple to his praise.
- 5 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

342 *The circumstances of Christ's second
pearing. 2 Pet. iii. 11, 12.*

- 1 **M**Y wakened soul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.
- 2 Behold the fiery deluge roll
Thro' heaven's wide arch from pole to pole
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast;
Tremble and fall ye starry host.
- 3 This wreck of nature all around,
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.
- 4 Children of Adam, all appear
With reverence round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To endless bliss, or endless woe.
- 5 Lord, to mine eyes this scene display,
Frequent through each revolving day,
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To meet its full redemption there.

343 *The importance of being prepared
Christ's second appearing. 2 Pet. iii. 14.*

- 1 “ **B**EHOLD, I come,” the Saviour cries
“ With winged speed I come;
My voice shall call your souls away
To their eternal home.
- 2 “ Awake, ye sons of sloth, awake;
Your vain amusements cease;
And strive with your united powers,
That ye be found in peace.

- 3 " Seize the blest hour with ardent haste,
 Nor slight this peaceful word,
 Lest your affrighted souls in vain
 Fly from my flaming sword.
- 4 " Happy the man, whose ready heart
 Obeys the sacred call ;
 And shelters in my covenant grace
 His everlasting all."
- 5 Blest Jesus, whose all-searching eye
 My inmost powers can see,
 Dost thou not know my willing soul
 Has lodged that all with thee ?
- 6 These eager eyes thy signal wait ;
 My dear Redeemer, come ;
 I rove a weary pilgrim here,
 And long to be at home.

44 *Growing in grace, &c.*
 2 Pet. iii. 18.

PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
 For all the grace thou shed'st abroad :
 For all thine influence from above,
 To warm our souls with sacred love.

Blest be thy hand, which from the skies
 Brought down this plant of Paradise,
 And gave its heavenly glories birth,
 To deck this wilderness of earth.

But why does that celestial flower
 Open, and thrive, and shine no more ?
 Where are its balmy odours fled ?
 And why reclines its beauteous head ?

Too plain, alas ! the languor shows
 The unkindly soil in which it grows ;
 Where the black frosts and beating storm
 Tither and rend its tender form.

- 5 Unchanging sun, thy beams display,
To drive the frosts and storms away ;
Make all thy potent virtues known
To cheer a plant so much thy own.
- 6 And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below ;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

345 *Experimental knowledge communicated.*
1 John i. 1—3.

- 1 **J**ESUS, mine Advocate above,
Let me not hear of thee alone,
But make the wonders of thy love,
By deep experience sweetly known.
- 2 On thee my soul would fix its eye ;
My lips would taste thy heavenly grace ;
Then would I raise thine honours high,
And teach a thousand tongues thy praise.
- 3 The sacred flame from heart to heart
Should with a rapid progress run,
Till each in God could boast his part,
Through sweet communion with his Son.
- 4 Thus may the servants of the Lord
Feel the salvation they proclaim ;
And thus may crowds receive the word,
And echo back the Saviour's name.

346 *Communion with God and Christ.*
1 John i. 3.

- 1 **O**UR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

God pities all my griefs ;
 He pardons every day ;
 Almighty to protect my soul,
 And wise to guide my way.

How large his bounties are !
 What various stores of good,
 Diffused from my Redeemer's hand,
 And purchased with his blood.

Jesus, my living head,
 I bless thy faithful care ;
 Mine Advocate before the throne,
 And my Forerunner there:

Here fix, my roving heart ;
 Here wait, my warmest love ;
 Till the communion be complete
 In nobler scenes above.

7 *The privileges of saints, by the blood of
 Jesus. 1 John i. 7.*

MY various powers, awake,
 To sound redeeming grace ;
 To him that washed us in his blood,
 Ascribe eternal praise.

What, though our guilt appears
 Dyed in a crimson grain !
 The stream that flows from Jesus' side,
 Shall purge away the stain.

'Midst all our various forms,
 We in this centre meet ;
 Our hearts, cemented by his blood,
 Shall taste communion sweet.

Then let us walk in light,
 Like Christ, whose name we wear ;
 And, as the pledge of endless bliss,
 Our Father's image bear.

348 *The blood of Christ cleansing from all sin.*
1 John i. 7.

- 1 **M**Y sins, alas! how foul the stains!
How deep, and O, how wide!
O'er my polluted soul they spread,
In double crimson dyed.
- 2 How shall I stand before that God,
In whose all piercing sight
Some shades of darkness seem to veil
The purest sons of light?
- 3 Where shall I wash these spots away,
And make my nature clean,
Since drops of penitential grief
Are tingured still with sin?
- 4 Behold a torrent all divine
Flows from the Saviour's side,
And strangely bears a crystal stream
Amidst the purple tide.*
- 5 Here will I bathe my spotted soul,
And make it pure and fair;
Till not the eye of God discern
One foul pollution there.
- 6 Then, drest in robes of snowy white,
I'll join the shining band,
And learn new anthems to the Lamb,
While round his throne we stand.

349 *Having the Son, and having life in him.*
1 John v. 12.

- 1 **O** HAPPY Christian, who can boast,
"The Son of God is mine!"
Happy, though humbled in the dust,
Rich in this gift divine.

* Referring to the blood and water that came out of
Christ's wounded side. John xx. 34.

- 2 He lives the life of heaven below,
And shall for ever live ;
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,
And endless vigour give.
- 3 That life we ask with bended knee,
Nor will the Lord deny ;
Nor will celestial mercy see
Its humble suppliants die.
- 4 That life obtained, for praise alone
We wish continued breath ;
And, taught by blest experience, own,
That praise can live in death.

350 *Christ, the first and the last, humbled to death, and exalted to an eternal triumph over it.*
Rev. i. 17, 18.

- 1 **W**HAT mysteries, Lord, in thee combine !
Jesus, once mortal, yet divine :
The first, the last ; the end, the head ;
The source of life among the dead.
- 2 O love, beyond the stretch of thought !
What matchless wonders hath it wrought !
My faith, while she the grace declares,
Trembles beneath the load she bears.
- 3 Hail, royal Conqueror o'er the grave,
Tender to pity, strong to save !
For ever live, for ever reign,
And prosperous may thy throne remain !
- 4 Thy saints, obedient to thy word,
With humble joy surround thy board ;
And, long as time pursues its race,
Proclaim thy death, and shout thy grace.
- 5 In the full choir, where angels join
Their harps of melody-divine,
Thy death inspires a song of praise,
New through thy life's eternal days.

351 *The keys of death, and the unseen world,
in Christ's hand. Rev. i. 18.*

- 1 **H**AIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is his,
And sovereign power becomes him well.
- 2 In shame and torment once he died ;
But now he lives for evermore :
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat ;
And all ye angel-bands, adore.
- 3 So live for ever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends ;
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.
- 4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom, and by love ;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.
- 5 When death thy servants shall invade,
When powers of hell thy church annoy,
Controlled by thee, their rage shall help
The cause they laboured to destroy.
- 6 For ever reign, victorious King :
Wide through the earth thy name be known :
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimier anthems near thy throne.

352 *Christ's care of ministers and churches.
Rev. ii. 1.*

- 1 **W**E bless th' eternal Source of light,
Who makes the stars to shine ;
And through this dark, beclouded world,
Diffuseth rays divine.

- 2 We bless the church's sovereign King,
Whose golden lamps we are ;
Fixed in the temples of his love,
To shine with radiance fair.
- 3 Still be our purity preserved ;
Still fed with oil the flame ;
And in deep characters inscribed
Our heavenly Master's name.
- 4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,
And all our state survey's,
His smiles shall with new lustre deck
The people of his praise.

353 *The Christian warrior animated and crowned.* Rev. ii. 10.

- H**ARK ! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice
From his triumphant seat :
Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful, and how sweet !
- 2 "Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
"Nor fear the mortal blow ;
Who first in such a warfare dies,
Shall speediest victory know.
- 3 "I have my days of combat known,
And in the dust was laid ;
But thence I mounted to my throne,
And glory crowns my head.
- 4 "That throne, that glory, you shall share ;
My hands the crown shall give ;
And you the sparkling honours wear,
While God himself shall live."
- 5 Lord, 'tis enough, our bosoms glow
With courage, and with love ;
Thy hand shall bear thy soldiers through,
And raise their heads above.

6 My soul, while death besets me round,
 Erects her ardent eyes ;
 And longs, through some illustrious wound,
 To rush and seize the prize.

354 *The pillar in God's heavenly temple,
 with its inscription. Rev. iii. 12.*

- 1 **A**LL-HAIL, victorious Saviour, hail!
 I bow to thy command,
 And own, that David's royal key
 Well fits thy sovereign hand,
- 2 Open the treasures of thy love,
 And shed thy gifts abroad ;
 Unveil to my rejoicing eyes
 The temple of my God.
- 3 There, as a pillar let me stand
 On an eternal base ;*
 Up-reared by thine almighty hand,
 And polished by thy grace.
- 4 There, deep engraven, let me bear
 The title of my God ;
 And mark the new Jerusalem,
 As my secure abode.
- 5 In lasting characters inscribe
 Thy own beloved name,
 That endless ages there may read
 The great Emmanuel's claim.
- 6 Lead on, my General, I defy
 What earth or hell can do ;
 Thy conduct, and this glorious hope,
 Shall bear thy soldier through.

* Foundation.

55 *God's covenant unchangeable; or, the rainbow round about the throne.*

Rev. iv. 3. compared with Gen. ix. 13—17.

SUPREME of beings, with delight
Our eyes survey this heavenly sight;
And trace, with admiration sweet,
The beaming splendours of thy feet.

Jasper and sapphire strive in vain
To paint the glories of thy train;
Thy robes all stream eternal light,
Too powerful for a cherub's sight.

Yet round thy throne the rainbow shines,
Fair emblem of thy kind designs;
Bright pledge, that speaks thy covenant sure,
Long as thy kingdom shall endure.

No more shall deluges of woe
Thy new-created world o'erflow;
Jesus, our Sun, his beams displays,
And gilds the clouds with beauteous rays.

No gems so bright, no forms so fair;
Mercy and truth still triumph there:
Thy saints shall bless the peaceful sign,
When stars and suns forget to shine.

E'en here, while storms and gloomy shade,
And horrors all the scene o'erspread,
Faith views the throne with piercing eye,
And boasts the rainbow still is nigh,

56 *Victory over Satan, by the blood of the Lamb; and the word of the testimony of his servants. Rev. xii. 11.*

SEE the old dragon from his throne
Sink with enormous ruin down!
Banished from heaven, and doomed to dwell
Deep in the fiery gloom of hell.

- 2 Ye heavens, with all your hosts
 Ye saints, in concert lend your
 Approach your Lord's victorious
 And tread the foe beneath you
- 3 But whence a conquest so divi
 Gained by such feeble hands as
 Or whence can sinful mortals
 O'er Satan and his rebel host?
- 4 'Twas from thy blood, thou sla
 That all our palms and triumph
 Thy cross, thy spear, inflicts th
 By which the monster's head i
- 5 Thy faithful word our hope ma
 Through all our combat, and o
 The accents of thy heavenly b
 Thy soldiers bear through wou
- 6 Triumphant Lamb, in worlds r
 With transport round thy radi
 Thy happy legions, all comple
 Shall lay their laurels at thy fe

357 *The song of Moses and t*
 Rev. xv. 3.

- 1 **I**SRRAEL, thy tribute bri
 To God's victorious na
 The song of Moses sing,
 Of Moses and the Lamb:
 Improve his lays;*
 The theme exceeds;
 And nobler deeds
 Demand our praise.
- 2 The prince of hell arose
 With impious rage and pr
 And, midst our numerou
 Our feeble power defied
- * Songs of prais

“ I will o’ertake,
 And I destroy ;
 My hand with joy
 Shall force thee back.”

By hand, Almighty Lord,
 Thy trembling Israel saves ;
 Thy one unresisted word
 Divides the threatening waves :

Thy host pass o’er ;
 The foe o’erthrown
 Sinks like a stone
 To rise no more.

Our triumphs we prepare,
 And cheerful anthems raise ;
 Jehovah’s arm made bare,
 Demands immortal praise :


And while we sing,
 Ye shores, proclaim
 His wondrous name ;
 Ye deserts, ring.

Through all the wilderness,
 Thy presence, Lord, shall lead ;
 And bring us to the place
 Thy sovereign love decreed :

Those blissful plains,
 Where all around
 Hosannas sound,
 And transport reigns.

*The conquest of death and grief, by views
 of the heavenly state. Rev. xxi. 4.*

Up, ye saints, your weeping eyes,
 Spend your sorrows and your sighs ;
 Turn your groans to joyful songs,
 Jesus dictates to your tongues.

- 
- 2 Thus saith the Saviour, from
 "Behold all former things a
 Passed like an anxious dream
 Chased by the golden beams
- 3 "See, in celestial pomp arrayed
 A new-created world display
 Mark with what light its presence
 How grand, how various, how
- 4 "There my own gentle hand
 Each tear from each o'erflow
 And open wide my friendly
 To lull the weary soul to rest
- 5 "No more shall grief assail
 No boding fear, no piercing
 For ever there my people dwell
 Beyond the rage of death and
- 6 Vain king of terrors, boast not
 Thine ancient wide-extended
 Each saint in life with Christ
 Shall reign, when thou thyself

359 *Christ, the Root and O
 and the Morning Star.*

1. **A**LL-HAIL, mysterious
 Hail, David's ancient
 Thou righteous branch, which thou
 To give the nations fruit.
- 2 Our weary souls shall rest
 Beneath thy grateful shade
 Our thirsting lips salvation
 Our fainting hearts are glad
- 3 Fair Morning Star, arise,
 With living glories bright
 And pour on these awakened
 A flood of sacred light.

1 The horrid gloom is fled,
Pierced by thy beauteous ray;
Shine, and our wandering footsteps lead
To everlasting day.

50 *Christ's invitations echoed back, &c.*
Rev. xxii. 17.

1 **H**OW free the fountain flows
Of endless life and joy!
That spring which no confinement knows,
Whose waters never cloy!

2 How sweet the accents sound
From the Redeemer's tongue!
"Assemble, all ye nations round,
In one obedient throng.

3 "The Spirit bears the call
To all the distant lands;
The church, the bride, reflects it back,
While Jesus waiting stands.

4 Ho, every thirsty soul,
Approach the sacred spring;
Drink, and your fainting spirits cheer;
Renew the draught, and sing.

5 Let all, that will, approach;
The water freely take;
Free from my opening heart it flows,
Your raging thirst to slake."

6 With thankful hearts we come
To taste the offered grace;
And call on all that hear, to join
The trial and the praise.

361 *The Christian rejoicing in the views of death and judgment. Rev. xxii. 20.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD I come," the Saviour cries,
"On wings of love I fly ;"
So come, dear Lord, my soul replies,
And bring salvation nigh.
 - 2 Come, loose these bonds of flesh and sin ;
Come, end my pains and cares ,
Bear me to thy serene abode
Beyond the clouds and stars.
 - 3 I greet the messengers of death,
By which thou call'st me home ;
But doubly greet that joyful hour,
When thou thyself shalt come.
 - 4 Come, plead thy Father's injured cause,
And make thy glory shine ;
Come, rouse thy servants' mouldering dust,
And their whole frame refine.
 - 5 O come, amidst the angelic hosts,
Their humble name to own ;
And bear the full assembly back
To dwell around thy throne.
 - 6 With winged speed, Redeemer dear,
Bring on the illustrious day ;
Come, lest our spirits droop and faint
Beneath thy long delay.
-

HYMNS,
PARTICULAR OCCASIONS,
AND IN
SPECIAL MEASURES.


*Morning Hymn, to be used at awaking
and arising.*

Be, my soul, to meet the day ;
Lift thy drowsy eyes ;
Shake the ponderous chain that loads
Thy inactive faculties.

The radiant shield was round me spread
In defenceless sleep ;
Save all my waking hours
From my slumbers keep.

That of each immortal soul
Thy care demands ;
Behold, what painful labours wait
In thy faithful pastor's hands.]

Angels fly with winged pace,
Thy swift my hours are hurled ;
Thy, with rapid march, comes on
To fill th' eternal world.

- 
- 5 I for this hour must give :
 Before God's awful thro
 Let not this hour neglecte
 As thousands more have
- 6 Pardon, O God, my forme:
 And arm my soul with
 As, rising now, I seal my
 To prosecute thy ways.
- 7 Bright Sun of Righteousne
 Thy radiant beams disp
 And guide my dark, bewil
 To everlasting day.

363 *An Evening Hymn to
 posing one's self*

1.

INTERVAL of grateful
 Welcome to my weary
 Welcome slumber to mine
 Tired with glaring vanitie
 My great Master still allow
 Needful periods of repose
 By my heavenly Father bl
 Thus I give my powers to
 Heavenly Father ! graciou
 Night and day his love the
 Far be each suspicious tho
 Every anxious care forgot :
 Thou, my ever bounteous
 Crown'st my days with va
 Thy kind eye that cannot
 These defenceless hours s'
 Blest vicissitude to me !
 Day and night I'm still

2.

What though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me?
Sleepless, well I know to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast.
While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way;
While the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever-constant pole;
Far above these spangled skies,
All my soul to God shall rise:
'Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love, and ceaseless praise:
Through the throng his gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear:
From on high doth he impart
Secret comfort to my heart.
He, in these serenest hours,
Guides my intellectual powers,
And his Spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews,
Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love.
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep or wake with Thee.

3.

What if death my sleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.
What if beams of opening day
Shine around my breathless clay?

Brighter visions from on high
 Shall regale my mental eye.
 Tender friends a while may mourn
 Me from their embraces torn ;
 Dearer, better friends I have
 In the realms beyond the grave.
 See the guardian angels nigh
 Wait to waft my soul on high !
 See the golden gates displayed !
 See the crown to grace my head !
 See a flood of sacred light,
 Which no more shall yield to night !
 Transitory world, farewell !
 Jesus calls with him to dwell.
 With thy heavenly presence blest,
 Death is life, and labour rest.
 Welcome sleep or death to me,
 Still secure, for still with Thee.

364 *On recovery from sickness, during which
 much of the divine favour had been experienced*

- 1** **M**Y God, thy service well demands
 The remnant of my days ;
 Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
 But to renew thy praise !
- 2** Thine arms of everlasting love
 Did this weak frame sustain,
 When life was hovering o'er the grave,
 And nature sunk with pain.
- 3** Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
 Didst chase the fears of hell ;
 And teach my pale and quivering lips
 Thy matchless grace to tell.
- 4** Calmly I bowed my fainting head
 On thy dear faithful breast ;
 Pleased to obey my Father's call
 To his eternal rest.

- i Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
 Did I my soul resign,
 In firm dependence on that truth,
 Which made salvation mine.
- i Back from the borders of the grave,
 At thy command I come ;
 Nor would I urge a speedier flight
 To my celestial home.
- i Where thou determin'st mine abode,
 There would I choose to be ;
 For in thy presence death is life,
 And earth is heaven with thee,

35

The last words of David.

2 Sam. xxiii. 1—8.*

THUS hath the son of Jesse said,
 When Israel's God had raised his head
 To high imperial sway :
 Struck with his last poetic fire,
 Zion's sweet Psalmist tuned his lyre
 To this harmonious lay.

Thus dictates Israel's sacred Rock :
 Thus hath the God of Jacob spoke,
 By my responsive tongue :
 Behold the Just One, over men
 Commencing his religious reign,
 Great subject of my song !

So gently shines, with genial ray,
 The unclouded lamp of rising day,
 And cheers the tender flowers,
 When midnight's soft diffusive rain
 Hath blessed the gardens, and the plain,
 With kind refreshing showers.

Agreeably to the ingenious metrical version of the
 and Dr. Richard Gray.

- 4 " Shall not my house this honour boast ?
 My soul th' eternal covenant trust,
 Well ordered still and sure ?
 There all my hopes and wishes meet ;
 In death I call its blessings sweet,
 And feel its bond secure."
- 5 " The sons of Belial shall not spring,
 Who spurn at heaven's appointed King,
 And scorn his high command ;
 Though wide the briars infest the ground,
 And the sharp pointed thorns around
 Defy a tender hand."
- 6 " A dreadful Warrior shall appear
 With iron arms, and massy spear,
 And tear them from their place :
 Touched with the lightning of his ire,
 At once they kindle into fire,
 And vanish in the blaze."

366

A military Ode.

Psalm cxlix.

Probably composed by David, to be sung when his army was marching out to war against the remnant of the devoted nations of Canaan, and first went up in solemn procession to the house of God at Jerusalem, there, as it were, to consecrate the arms, which he put into their hands. The beds referred to, verse 5. were probably the couches, on which they lay at the banquet attending their sacrifices ; which gives a noble sense to a passage on any other interpretation, hardly intelligible.

- 1 **O** PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare a new song,
 And let all his saints in full concert join =
 Ye tribes all assemble, the feast to prolong,
 In solemn procession, with music divine.
- 2 O Israel, in him that made thee, rejoice ;
 Let all Zion's sons exult in their King ;
 While to martial dances you join a glad voice,
 Your lutes, harps, and timbrels, in harmony bring.

The Lord in his saints still finds his delight ;
 Salvation from him the meek shall adorn ;
 They well may be joyful, sustained by his might,
 And crowned by his favour may lift up their horn.

Let carpets be spread, and banquets prepared,
 Those altars around, whence incense ascends ;
 Whilst anthems of glory thro' Salem are heard,
 And God, whom we worship, indulgent attends.

Then as your hearts bound with music and wine,
 Inspired by the God who reigns in the place ;
 Unsheath all your weapons, and bright let
 them shine,
 And brandish your falchions, while chanting
 his praise.

Then march to the field, the heathen defy,
 And scatter his wrath on nations around ;
 Like angels of vengeance your swords lift on high,
 And boast that Jehovah commissions the wound.

Their generals subdued, your triumphs shall
 grace,
 And loaded with chains, their kings shall be
 brought ;
 On the necks shall ye trample of Canaan's
 proud race,
 And all their last remnant for slaughter be
 sought.

No rage of your own such rigour demands ;
 A sentence divine your arms must fulfil :
 Of old he this vengeance consigned to your
 hands,
 And in sacred volumes recorded his will.

This honour, ye saints, appointed for you,
All-grateful receive, and faithful obey,
 And while this dread pleasure resistless ye do,
 Still make his high praises the song of the day.

367 *For the Thanksgiving Day for the Peace*
April 25, 1749.

- 1 **N**OW let our songs address the God of peace
Who bids the tumult of the battle cease
The pointed spears to pruning hooks he bends
And the broad falchion in the ploughshare ends
His powerful word unites contending nations
In kind embrace, and friendly salutations.
- 2 Britain, adore the guardian of thy state ;
Who, high on his celestial throne elate,
Still watchful o'er thy safety and repose,
Frowned on the counsels of thy haughtiest foes ;
Thy coast secured from every dire invasion,
Of fire and sword, and spreading desolation.
- 3 When rebel-hands with desperate madness
joined,
He wafted o'er deliverance with his wind ;
Drove back the tide that deluged half our land,
And curbed their fury with his mightier hand :
Till dreadful slaughter, and the last confusion,
Taught those audacious sinners their delusion.
- 4 He gave our fleets to triumph o'er the main,
And scatter terrors 'cross wide ocean's plain :
Opposing leaders trembled at the sight,
Nor found their safety in the attempted flight :
Taught by their bonds, how vainly they pretended
Those to distress, whom Israel's God defended.
- 5 Fierce storms were summoned up in Britain's
aid,
And meagre famine hostile lands o'erspread ;
By sufferings bowed, their conquests they
release,
Nor scorn the overtures of equal peace :
*Contending powers congratulate the blessing,
Joint hymns of gratitude to heaven addressing.*

6 While we beneath our vines and fig trees sit,
 Or thus within thy sacred temple meet,
 Accept, great God, the tribute of our song,
 And all the mercies of this day prolong.
 Then spread thy peaceful word thro' every nation,
 That all the earth may hail thy great salvation.

368 *The blessing pronounced upon Israel by
 the priests. Num. vi. 24—27.*

FOR A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 **G**UARDIAN of Israel, Source of peace,
 Who hast ordained thy priests to bless,
 Shine forth as our propitious Lord,
 And verify thy servants' word.
- 2 Let thy own power defend us still,
 Through all the year, from every ill ;
 And let the splendours of thy face
 Cheer all its bright or gloomy days.
- 3 Thy countenance our souls would see,
 For all our joys unite in thee ;
 And peace still waits at thy command
 To calm our hearts, and bless our land.
- 4 Hear, while thy priests address their vows,
 And scatter blessings through thy house ;
 And, while they fall, may Israel raise
 Its pious songs of ardent praise.

369 *A Hymn for a Fast Day, in time of War.*
 Deut. xxiii. 9.

- 1 **G**REAT God of heaven and nature, rise,
 And hear our loud united cries :
 See Britain bow before thy face,
 Through all her coasts, and seek thy grace.
- 2 No arm of flesh we make our trust ;
 Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships, we boast :
 Thine is the land, and thine the main,
 And human force and skill are vain.

- 3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
 On every shore, on every town ;
 But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
 And lay thy lifted thunder by.
- 4 Forgive the follies of our times,
 And purge our land from all its crimes ;
 Reformed and decked with grace divine,
 Let princes, priests, and people shine.
- 5 O may no God-provoking sin
 Through all our camps and navies reign :
 No foul reproach to drive from thence
 Our surest glory and defence.
- 6 So shall our God delight to bless
 And crown our arms with wide success :
 Our foes shall dread Jehovah's sword ;
 And conquering Britain shout the Lord.

370 *Jabez's Prayer recommended to Youth.*
 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

- 1 **T**HOU God of Jabez, hear,
 While we entreat thy grace,
 And borrow that expressive prayer,
 With which he sought thy face.
- 2 " O that the Lord indeed
 Would me his servant bless,
 From every evil shield my head,
 And crown my paths with peace !
- 3 " Be his Almighty hand
 My helper and my guide,
 Till with his saints in Canaan's land,
 My portion he divide.
- 4 Thus pious Jabez prayed,
 While God inclined his ear ;
 And all, by whom this suit is made,
 Shall find the blessing near.

Ye youths, your yows combine,
 With loud united voice ;
 So shall your heads with honour shine,
 And all your hearts rejoice.

I *Manasseh's affliction, penitence, and restoration.* 2 Chron. xxxiii. 10—12.

GOD of Manasseh, wilt thou scorn
 To own that humble name,
 While sinners so remote as we,
 Thy grace to him proclaim ?

High raised on Judah's throne he seemed,
 That hell in him might reign ;
 And taught thy sacred name to know
 Its honours to profane.

Yet thou the royal wretch didst view
 With pity in thine eyes :
 How strange a cure thy mercy wrought !
 How wondrous, yet how wise !

Brought in the thorns by hostile hands,
 The captive learned to reign :
 And Babel's fetters set him free
 From Satan's heavier chain.

From the deep dungeon where he lay,
 Thou heard'st his doleful cry ;
 Didst raise the suppliant from the dust,
 And bring salvation nigh.

On souls, depraved and hard like his,
 May grace exert its power ;
 And they shall bless the wholesome smart
 That works the sovereign cure.

372 *A church seeking direction from the choice of a pastor. Ezra viii. 21.*

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear;
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
Perplexed, distressed to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Thy comprehensive view surveys
Our wandering paths, our trackless ways:
Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.
- 3 With longing eyes, behold we wait
In suppliant crowds at mercy's gate:
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain:
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?
- 4 O Lord, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blessed eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.
- 5 Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise
A cheerful tribute to thy praise;
Our children learn the grateful song,
And theirs the cheerful notes prolong.

373 *Divine condemnation deprecated, and instruction desired by the afflicted. Job. x. 2.*

- 1 **T**REMENDOUS Judge, before thy bar,
What human creature can be clear?
An arm so strong, an eye so pure,
Who can escape, or who endure.

- 2 "Do not condemn us, Lord," we cry,
As trembling in the dust we lie;
But while with grief our guilt we own,
Let smiling mercy take the throne.
- 3 If thou wilt smite, offended God,
Sheath up thy sword, and take thy rod,
And, midst the anguish and the smart,
Open to discipline our heart.
- 4 By chastening if our souls be taught,
And cleansed from every secret fault,
The wise severity we'll bless,
And mix our groans with songs of praise,

374 *Thanksgiving for national deliverance,
and improvement of it. Luke i. 74, 75.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION doth to God belong;
His power and grace shall be our song;
His hand hath dealt a secret blow,
And terror strikes the haughty foe.
- 2 Praise to the Lord, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And though deliverance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.
- 3 O may thy grace our land engage
(Rescued from fierce tyrannic rage),
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King!
- 4 Our temples guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name;
And every peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.

- 5 Still be it our supreme delight
 To walk as in thy honoured sight :
 Still in thy precepts, and thy fear,
 To life's last hour to persevere.

375 *God's giving his Holy Spirit to us
 that ask him.*

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, we entreat,
 And fill our hearts with love ;
 Almighty Father, send him forth,
 Swift flying from above.
- 2 O, send him in a copious stream,
 To deluge every breast ;
 To lead us to a Saviour's cross,
 The sinner's only rest.
- 3 Send him to every stubborn heart,
 To take the stone away ;
 And send him to the straitened soul,
 To teach his lips to pray.
- 4 Send him to the dejected soul,
 That weeps his gloomy days ;
 And form the heirs of heavenly songs
 On earth to warble praise.
- 5 O, pour his mighty influence down
 On us, and all our seed ;
 For, with this heavenly rain bedewed,
 Thy church is blest indeed.

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Hail to Emmanuel's ever-honoured name
Hail to the Prince of life and peace!
Hark! for the great Creator speaks
Hark! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
Hark! for 'tis wisdom's voice . . .
Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour calls
Hark! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice
Hear, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne
Hearken, ye children of your God . . .
Heaven has confirmed the great decree
He comes, the royal Conqueror comes
He comes; thy God, O Israel, comes
Henceforth let each believing heart
High let us swell our tuneful notes
House of our God, with cheerful anthems
How free the fountain flows . . .
How gentle God's commands . . .
How glorious, Lord, art thou . . .
How gracious and how wise . . .
How keen the tempter's malice is . . .
How long shall dreams of creature-bliss
How rich thy bounty, King of kings
How rich thy favours, God of grace
How swift the torrent rolls . . .

I AM thy God, Jehovah said . . .
Jehovah, 'tis a glorious name . . .
Jesus, I love thy charming name . . .
Jesus, I sing thy matchless grace . . .
Jesus, mine Advocate above . . .
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace . . .
Jesus, our soul's delightful choice . . .
Jesus, the Lord, our soul's adore . . .
Jesus, we own thy saving power . . .
Jesus, we own thy sovereign hand . . .
Immense, eternal God . . .
Immortal God, on thee we call . . .
Indulgent God, with pitying eye . . .
Indulgent Sovereign of the skies . . .
In glad amazement, Lord, I stand . . .
In one harmonious, cheerful song . . .
In raptures let our hearts ascend . . .
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In thy rebukes, all-gracious God . . .

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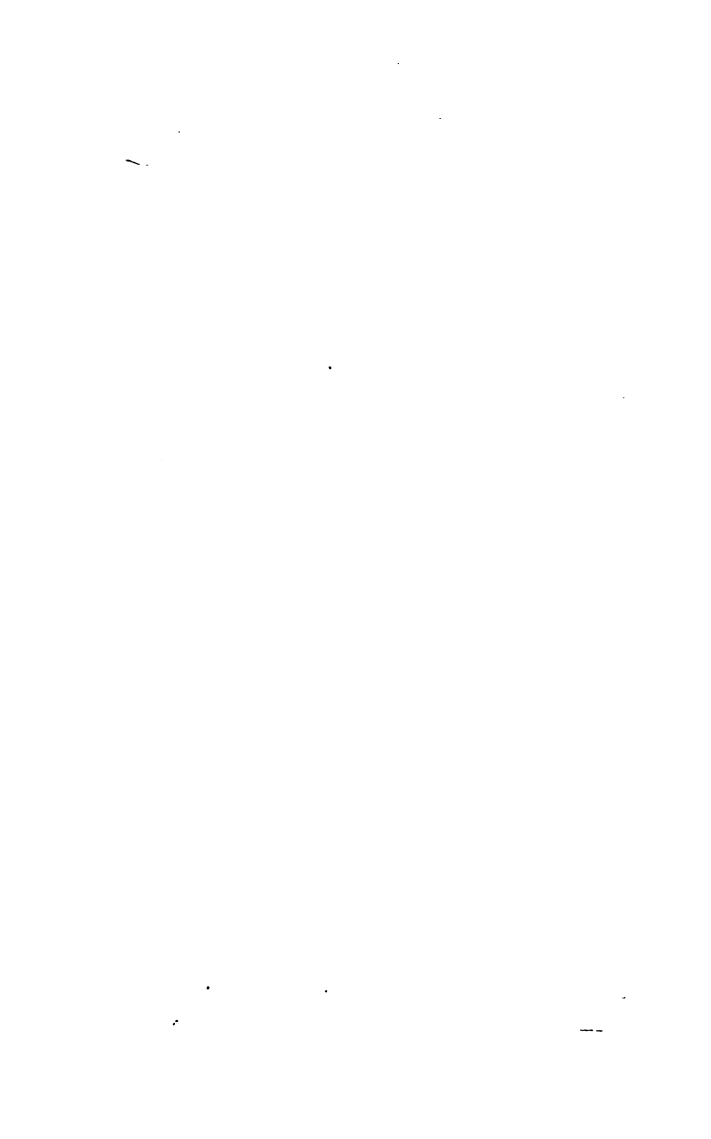
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THE END.









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